National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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5 *South-Fifth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

A DISLOYAL MAYOR.

[The Copperhead official who presides in our City Hall exhibits his stupid malignity in the following document, wherewith he attempts to smother the universal rejoicing over our national successes—successes which, he has not the wit to see, do not depend for their brilliancy upon a few farthing dips more or less.]

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, Sept. 29, 1864.

To the Honorable the Common Council:

GENTLEMEN: Your resolution of the 20th instant, appointing "a committee of five from each Board, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements to cause the various public buildings to be illuminated, in honor of the recent victories on land and sea," is returned, unapproved.

I might acquiesce in your response to an appeal of your fellow-citizens, who might desire to give an expression to their feelings respecting these victories, but I must decline to comply with your request to issue a proclamation to the citizens, generally, to join in such an illumination, for various reasons, which I will briefly state.

1st. If I should issue such a proclamation, there are many citizens who would be denounced as disloyal, if through want of opportunity, of inclination, or of means, they fail to comply with the recommendation.

2d. By those in authority, they are not claimed as Union victories, but as the result of the Emancipation proclamation, as announced in the "To whom it may concern" manifesto.

3d. It is asserted that the new policy of the Administration will give us a succession of victories. If this is the case, your honorable body will be called upon to illuminate every fortnight, and if the papers in the employ of the Administration, which daily parade "the defeat of the rebels," are to be believed, three times a week.

I yield to no man in my attachment to "the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is," but as the President demands of the Southern people to abandon the rights which the Constitution confers, I do not see how those who have always held that the Federal government has nothing to do with the domestic institutions of the States can be expected to rejoice over victories, which, whatever they may be, surely are not Union victories.

If these victories were to unite the States, and were a sure harbinger of peace, I would be pleased, if I could issue such a proclamation as would induce the poorest citizen to part with his last mite for the purchase of a single tallow candle to celebrate the event.

4th. It has been the immemorial custom of mankind, in all ages and climes, to abstain from rejoicings over victories gained in civil wars, and such has been the practice thus far during the present strife, which has distracted our once happy Union. The only effect of departing from this usage, sanctioned alike by humanity and sound policy, will be to acknowledge, by such exhibitions, that these are victories over aliens and enemies, and that there is no hope of securing peace on the basis of the Federal Union. This hope, in common with a large portion of our fellow-citizens, I am not prepared to abandon.

You are aware that here is the essential difference between the two parties now contending for political mastery in the Northern States. One of these declares that no terms can be offered "except such as may be based upon an unconditional surrender" of the rights of the States, and the other maintains that "peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union."

Taking into consideration that a canvass is now in progress of the most exciting character, I am forced to regard the proposed demonstration as one of a political nature, and according to the rule which I laid down for my guidance on entering upon the duties of Mayor, I cannot give it my official indorsement. C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.

"A FREE ELECTION OR A FREE FIGHT."

THE managers for Lincoln at the State Capital have exposed their programme early. The unsuccessful attempt to interfere with the celebration of the birthday of the Federal Constitution at Madison, is their first public demonstration. The Democracy of the State should see to it that it is the last of the sort. If the authorities cannot protect the people in the assertion of their lawful privilege to peaceably assemble and to peaceably vote for the candidates of their choice, then it is the right and the duty of the people to protect themseves. The plethoric gentlemen who are fattening on the misfortunes of the public should be made to comprehend that the favorite plan of the Administration for suppressing the popular voice will not be tolerated here without a struggle which is likely to result unpleasantly for those who inaugurate it.

We urge the Democracy to immediately complete their organizations in every town in the State. The name of every conservative man should be enrolled, and the best men should be selected for the front ranks. There must be no interference with public meetings, and no tampering with the ballot-box. "The hero of Antietam" knew how to meet the enemies of the government in the field, and his friends should know how to protect his cause from the enemies of the government at the ballot-box!—*Milwaukee News.*

REVERDY JOHNSON RETURNS TO HIS OWN.

[The following declaration in favor of McClellan, by Senator Johnson, of Maryland, was published in Washington on the 19th ult., to the "electrification" of the treasonable dwellers at the Capital:]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, September 14.

GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to the meeting to be held in Washington on the 17th inst., to ratify the nomination of McClellan and Pendleton is but just received.

It will be out of my power to be with you, my stay here for some days longer being unavoidable. Opposed as I was to the original election of Mr. Lincoln to the station he now occupies, from a conviction of his being unequal to its duties, the manner in which he has met them, has but confirmed me in that opinion. With more than two millions of soldiers placed in his hands and an unlimited amount of treasure, his policy and his manner of using his power, instead of putting the rebellion down and bringing to our ranks the thousands of Union men who were then in each of the seceded States, and who, in some, are believed to outnumber the rebels, have but served the double purpose of uniting them against us and of dividing the public opinion of the loyal States.

The effect, of course, is that, notwithstanding the gallant deeds of our army and navy, and the manifest justice of our cause, the Union is even more effectually broken now than it was when his Administration commenced. Whatever of honesty of purpose may belong to him, and I am willing to admit that he has had it, his vascillation, his policy, now conservative, now radical, his selections of military officers grossly incompetent, his treatment of those who were evidently competent, his yielding in this to what he has himself been often heard to say as an excuse was, "outside pressure," his having not only not punished, but as far as the public know, unrebuked the vandal excesses of military officers of his special selection, shocking the sentiment of the world and disgracing us in the view of Christendom by their burning of private dwellings, and depriving their often exclusively female occupants of house and home and means of livelihood—all demonstrate that he is grossly incompetent to govern the country in this crisis of its fate.

How can an honorable man believe that one who has so signally failed for almost four entire years, can be successful if another four years be granted him? No one in Congress certainly; not twenty members believe him equal or at all equal to the mighty task. He has been tried and found wanting. Let us have a change, none, if loyal, can be for the worse. It is not that we wish to use his own classic figure to swap horses in the midst of a stream, but that when we are on a journey and safety depends on making our destination at the earliest moment, we should cast aside a spavined and thin horse, and secure a sound and active one.

In Gen. McClellan we are furnished—in the history of his life, in the purity of his character, his refinement, his attainments, civil and military, and above all in his perfect loyalty—every assurance that, under his executive guidance, the war, now so exhaustive of treasure and blood, will be soon brought to a triumphant termination, and this Union which, "at all hazards" he will never agree to surrender, will be restored. With regard, your obedient servant,

REVERDY JOHNSON.

Selections.

PROF. NEWMAN AND MR. GARRISON.

[Our readers will remember the controversy between these gentlemen which we published in the STANDARD of July 23 and 30. We copy below, from the *Liberator* of last week, Professor Newman's rejoinder with the editor's comments.]

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1864.

To the Editor of the English Leader:

DEAR SIR: I am obliged to you for sending me a copy of Mr. Garrison's reply to my letter, which I had not before seen. It puts me into a grave difficulty: for I do not desire any personal controversy with one whom I so much respect; yet unless I disown his extraordinary misinterpretations of what I have written, I fear it will be supposed I acquiesce in them. My letter was not written for this side of the Atlantic, but for the Anti-Slavery and Republican party of the Union, who seem to me in danger of grave mistake in supposing Mr. Lincoln's *honesty* to be a vast advantage, and almost a security that things will come right. I am as much convinced of his honesty, I believe, as Mr. Garrison can be; and I distinctly say, when his principles are *not* those which an anti-slavery man should desire, the more honest he is the worse for that cause. He has been brave enough to veto the Congress in his tenderness for slaveholding rebels. An eloquent gentleman from America defended to me the painful address made by Mr. Lincoln to the colored men when he propounded his scheme for colonizing them, by saying that the President was only intending to throw dust into the eyes of the Kentucky slaveholders. I was shocked by that address, and ill-accepted the excuse; but when his Emancipation proclamation came I thought he had turned over a new leaf. In a great national convulsion, all is well that ends well; but it is now too manifest that Mr. Lincoln has a mean prejudice against color; and his public declaration that he greatly prefers gradual to sudden emancipation is no abstract preference, but is one which, in spite of his Emancipation proclamation, he is bent upon making a reality, by introducing serfdom in place of slavery. Mr. Garrison totally misinterprets what I said was "a terrible truth," although I wrote so explicitly as to think it impossible. The dry fact, stated without a particle of color, is, that the President conferred freedom on the slaves of the States still in revolt, over whom he had no power, and refused to bestow freedom on the slaves of Tennessee and Louisiana (*after those States had revolted and had been subdued*), over whom he had power. Nothing hindered him in the latter case but *his own interpretation* of the Constitution; which is *not* Sumner's interpretation, nor Butler's, nor Andrew's. I do not say that Mr. Lincoln is dishonest, as Mr. Garrison strangely supposes (and if I did think him dishonest, to impute publicly what I could not prove would be truly absurd and highly blameable): but I see his interpretation of the Constitution is such as to give vast advantage and vitality to the slave system; and from this I feel grave alarm for the future.

Mr. Garrison simply repeats the statement against which I remonstrated as clearly inaccurate, that the President emancipated more than three million slaves by his word, and still winks at the fact that he gratuitously sustains slavery in Tennessee, and did not abolish it on the Mississippi. He erroneously supposes that I regard the President to wield autocratic powers. It is not for me to define what are his powers; but as far as I have a right to have an opinion, it is that Mr. Lincoln has exceeded his powers in his new and dangerous Louisiana Constitution. Native Americans must look to such matters. I look only to great moral interests. Undoubtedly I do expect that if he is to have any honor from us, he shall treat the colored race as his "fellow-citizens," and shall recognize in them, wherever he has legal power, the same rights which any ordinary European, *any English Tory nobleman*, would recognize. It is notorious that English generals regarded the revolt of the American colonists as a forfeiture of their right to have their local laws respected; and therefore as a thing of course, saw in their slaves only men and not property. Mr. Lincoln insists, to this day, on seeing the slaves of Tennessee as "property"; and I cannot make Mr. Garrison understand that I am shocked to find him not to resent this. It is a simple fact, and not an imputation on my part, or an "unmerited sarcasm" that Mr. Lincoln does *not* regard the treason of the rebels to have forfeited their constitutional rights over their slaves; but does regard present and galling danger, and that alone, to justify his emancipation; and after nominally emancipating, he does his best (or his worst) to hinder the emancipation from being sudden; *i. e.* to keep the colored race in serfdom.

I earnestly trust that the Congress will overrule this. If it does not, I have a mournful certainty that long and chronic miseries will convulse the Union, and will endanger the safety of what seems to have been won. European intervention will follow any renewal of war. This, also, Mr. Garrison passes over, as if I had not said it. He once more blows a trumpet note, ascribing to Mr. Lincoln not only his own merits, which are great, but things for which he has no merit; and shuts his eyes to the possibility that this frightful scheme of serfdom may yet ruin everything.

I saw in another paper an extract from Mr. Garrison, which I do not see in this letter, where he pleads the non-enfranchisement of English peasants as justifying Mr. Lincoln in refusing to allow political suffrage to the colored race of Louisiana. Besides all the other cardinal diversities of the cases, this overlooks that Mr. Lincoln has volunteered to put the colored race there *beyond the protection of Congress*, and has put them back into the local power of the white men who had already cruelly oppressed them; who also revolted in order to continue that oppression; white men who had broken the treaty with France by which the rights of the colored freedmen in Louisiana were secured. Surely, even Mr. Lincoln's duty to France is here something.

I fear to touch on Mr. Garrison's very ungenerous and needless allusions to Mr. Conway, lest I say too much. I am, sincerly yours,

F. W. NEWMAN.

MR. GARRISON'S COMMENTS.

In another column we print the reply of Professor Newman, of England, to the criticisms we made upon a letter he addressed to us some time since, severely condemnatory of the course pursued by President Lincoln on the slavery and negro question. We regret to learn from it that the two numbers of the *Liberator* (of July 15th and 22d), containing our rejoinder, failed to reach him, from some cause or other, until put into his hands by the Editor of the *English Leader*. Of course, this explains his long silence. From the tone of his reply, however, we are led to believe that, at the time of writing it, he had not read that portion of our replication contained in the *Liberator* of July 22d. It shall be carefully forwarded to him for his perusal.

We are sorry to perceive what appears to us a foregone determination in his mind to see as little of good done by Mr. Lincoln as possible, and to magnify and aggravate a few incidental evils and wrongs still to be removed, before full justice is done to our colored population. If he means to be just, why does he not analyze the awful state of the country when Mr. Lincoln took his inaugural oath to be true to the Constitution; then see how entirely helpless, for the time being, was the government, in regard to its naval and military power, and its financial means, through the perfidy of the Southern traitors in the Cabinet of James Buchanan; then remember how—up to the hour of the rebellion itself—the pro-slavery spirit was everywhere *at the North* roused to mobocratic violence to gag freedom of discussion and disperse anti-slavery gatherings—even rendering it extremely perilous for Wendell Phillips to speak in opposition to slavery at the Music Hall, on Sundays, in Boston; then consider that, long after the rebellion broke out, it was not deemed by the great body of the loyal people at the North so formidable as to warrant governmental interference for the abolition of slavery in rebeldom, even as a military necessity; then reflect how insignificant the Radical Abolitionists were, numerically speaking, and how little aid they could give directly to Mr. Lincoln; then understand the nature of the oath taken by the President, the limitations of the power assigned to him by the Constitution, and his solemn duty honestly to discharge the duties devolving upon him within the purview of his official station, not in accordance with the opinions or convictions of others, but as he apprehended them; then bear in mind the existence (to quote the language of Professor Newman in his first letter) of a "ruinbus national insanity, prejudice against color," infecting and controlling the great mass of the Northern people; then look at the anomalous condition of the great Northern army, composed mainly of those who had for many a year done what they could to crush the anti-slavery movement, and to conciliate the ever dissatisfied South—who had no purpose beyond maintaining "the Union as it was," with all its pro-slavery guarantees—and who, at the outset, would have scouted the doctrine of freedom and equality for the negro; then, finally, view the splendid measures consummated within the last twenty months for the total extirpation of slavery, by Mr. Lincoln and under his administration, and candidly admit that probably no man in such a critical situation, and with such discordant elements to contend with, could have done better, and give him words of commendation and cheer, instead of severe denunciation and biting invective?

We contend that in no other way can a fair or statesmanlike view of Mr. Lincoln's course be taken. Possibly he might have done more and gone further, if he had had greater resolution and larger foresight; that is an open question, and opinions are not facts. Possibly he could not have gone one hair's breadth beyond the point he has reached by a slow and painful process, without inciting civil war at the North, and overturning the government: God only knows. All speculation of this kind is idle; the past cannot be recalled. This we do know: that his Emancipation proclamation of January 1, 1863, liberated more than three-fourths of the entire slave population; that since that period, emancipation has followed in Maryland, Western Virginia, Missouri, and the District of Columbia, and is being rapidly consummated in Kentucky and Tennessee, thus terminating the holding of property in man everywhere under the American flag; that all the vast Territories have been consecrated to freedom and free labor; that all Fugitive Slave laws have been repealed, so that slave-hunting is at an end in all the free States; that no rebel State can be admitted to the Union, except on the basis of complete emancipation; that national justice (refused under every other Administration) has been done to the republics of Hayti and Liberia, by the full recognition of their independence; that an equitable treaty has been made with Great Britain for the effectual suppression of the foreign slave trade, through right of search; that a large portion of the army is made up of those, who, until now, have been prohibited bearing arms, and refused enrolment in the militia of every State in the Union; that tens of thousands of bondmen have obtained their freedom in Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Louisiana, together with their wives and children, by their enlistment as soldiers—a law of Congress decreeing that no slave shall be recognized as fighting under the American flag; that free negro schools are following wherever the army penetrates, and multitudes of young and old, who, under the old slave system, were prohibited learning the alphabet, are now rapidly acquiring that knowledge which is power, and which makes slavery and serfdom alike impracticable; and that on numerous plantations free labor is "in the full tide of successful experiment." These are cheering, inspiring, undeniable facts—facts of momentous importance and glorious significance—facts which will bear rehearsing a thousand times over, with joy and exultation—facts which disprove every allegation or insinuation as to the pro-slavery spirit or tendency of Mr. Lincoln's administration. And what but facts like these have caused all the pro-slavery elements in the land furiously to conspire for the defeat of Mr. Lincoln at the approaching Presidential election, so that either the old state of things may be restored, with fresh concessions to the Slave Power, or the independence of the Southern Confederacy secured?

Professor Newman complains that we have given "extraordinary misinterpretations" of his language concerning Mr. Lincoln. We do not see in what particular. He says—"I am as much convinced of his [Mr. L.'s] honesty, I believe, as Mr. Garrison can be"; yet he brings against him such charges as fairly imply that, after all, he regards Mr. Lincoln as no better than a heartless trickster, animated by a pro-slavery purpose, who gives "a Southern interpretation to the Constitution" with the hope of conciliating the rebels, and who, at best, only emancipates slaves where he has no power to do so, and keeps them in bondage where he might free them! He avers that this "honest" President has "forced Northern soldiers to become the vile instruments of the slaveholder, which they disdained to be in their native States"—that to brand his Emancipation proclamation as a "villainous hypocrisy," however envenomed the phrase, "is no slander at all, but a terrible truth"(!)—that his course has been marked by "a combination of baseness and folly"—that "he seems to believe that he has sworn to support slavery for the rebels"(!)—that he "excludes morality from his Presidential duties"—that he "dares not indulge the moralities of his heart, through conscientious tremors at the guilt of violating the wicked laws of conquered rebels"(!)—that "he has been brave enough to veto the Congress in his tenderness for slaveholding rebels"(!)—that 'he has a mean prejudice against color"—that he "regards present and galling danger, and that alone, to justify his emancipation"—that "after nominally emancipating, he does his best (or his worst) to keep the colored race in serfdom"—that his frightful scheme of serfdom may yet ruin everything"—that "he has volunteered to put the colored race in Louisiana beyond the protection of Congress, and has put them back into the local power of the white men who had already cruelly oppressed them"—etc., etc., etc. "Honest Iago!"

Not such is *our* estimation of the "honesty" of Abraham Lincoln. We believe such accusations as these amount to positive dishonesty and intentional inhumanity in their implication; and we are quite sure that they are not based upon a fair, considerate, comprehensive view of our national situation, and the terrible paradoxes and complications arising out of the rebellion itself.

☞ As a gratifying offset to the querulous but well-meant letter of Professor Newman, we present the following unexpected but commendatory letter from Thomas Hughes, who modestly thinks that we "have probably scarcely ever heard his name," but whose public-spirited interest in the laboring classes as one of the founders of the Working Men's College in London, and whose distinguished literary efforts as the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," "Tom Brown at College," etc., have made his name familiar in every part of our country. We thank him for his encouraging words, and for his testimony in regard to the feelings of "the great majority of Englishmen" as to the course pursued by Mr. Lincoln.

3 OLD SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN, }
LONDON, Sept. 9, 1864. }

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot resist writing you a line, though you have probably scarcely ever heard my name, to say how right and wise I and many other Englishmen think the course you have taken upon the question of supporting Mr. Lincoln for reëlection. I was much pained by Professor Newman's letter to you; still more by the line which many of the leading American Abolitionists have taken upon the question, and by the tone they have thought fit to adopt as to yourself. I think I may safely say that the great majority of Englishmen, who have really taken the trouble to study the question, agree with me in thinking that Mr. Lincoln has proved himself thoroughly honest and trustworthy in the fearfully difficult and trying position in which your nation have placed him, and that these qualities far more than outweigh his faults, which have been only such as arise from caution and distrust of himself.

It would be impertinent in me to add any opinions of my own as to your great revolution. My excuse for writing at all is, that I have taken the deepest interest for many years in American politics, and especially in the noble stand which you and others have made against slavery in the United States; and I could not remain silent when some of the ablest and best of your own friends are turning against you for conduct which seems to me most wise, and consistent with all you have said and written for the last thirty years.

Whatever other issue your tremendous struggle may have, it seems clear that God will, through it, make an end of slavery on your continent; and that end will have been cheaply purchased, even if the Union should perish.

Believe me with all good wishes for your own and your country's future, Most truly yours,

THOS. HUGHES.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, ESQ.

☞ WE have also the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a private letter from Mrs. Harriet Martineau, which corresponds in sentiment to that of Mr. Hughes. As the steadfast, unwearied and invaluable advocate of the anti-slavery cause in America for the last thirty years—never losing sight of it for an hour, and thoroughly posted as to all that relates to its rise and progress—her testimony at this time is of special value. She says:

"If there was any way in which I could publicly express my own views, I should be very glad to bear my testimony to what seems to me our entire agreement on the question of Mr. Lincoln's character, deserts, and claim to reëlection; and to express my hearty admiration of the magnanimity of your conduct as well as of the justness and clearness of your views in the most critical hour of the history of your Republic. All who know me here know what I think; and if it could be of any use (which I hardly suppose) its being understood on your side of the water, I should be glad that it was known."

Referring to a conversation between herself and Professor Cairnes, in relation to the course pursued by President Lincoln, Miss Martineau says:

"Professor Cairnes and I were anxious each to know what the other thought of Mr. Lincoln, and of your course; and it was pleasant to find how entirely we agreed."

Speaking of the prevalent opinion in England, regarding the "Abolitionists" of America, she says:

"I believe that they are revered as having brought about the national repentance and amendment; and that they are merged in the nation, in people's view, and taken leave of with congratulations, on the nobleness first, and next on the success, of their work."

..... "We judge it best to avow, on all reasonable occasions, our wish for Mr. Lincoln's reëlection, and our respect for the patriotism and wisdom of those Abolitionists who are forbearing with his human frailties, for the sake of the national welfare."

She speaks of John Stuart Mill, Professor Cairnes, and W. E. Foster, M.P., as men whose opinions have "*great* weight" with the public of Great Britain; and of Professor Dr. Goldwin Smith (at present in this country) as "another real power."

Alluding to the recent personal attacks upon us, she says: "*Your* reputation is in no danger, and never will be."

SLAVERY THE TRUE AND DIVINE CONDITION OF THE POOR MAN.

From the Evening Post.

AMONG the two dozen pamphlets announced in the leading column of the leading opposition journal in this city—just under the name of the paper, and introducing the editorial articles—is one which is entitled the "Ethical Position of Slavery in the Social System."

Are our readers aware of the character of this publication which is thus put forth as a "Democratic campaign document"? Would they believe it, if we told them, that the entire purport of it is to prove that slavery is the only proper, and in fact a divinely ordained, condition of the large majority of white men? Yet such is the fact; the pamphlet is now open before us; we have read it attentively; and we do not, so far as we are aware, pervert, mutilate, enlarge, or in any way modify its meaning.

This pamphlet was written by Professor Morse, President of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge," and was printed some months since, and is still sold by C. Mason, No. 13 Park Row, who is the Corresponding Secretary of that Society, and the person apparently employed to advertise and circulate the "campaign documents" of the so-called "Democratic" party. It is carefully and elaborately written, with some show of learning, and with an evident sincerity of conviction. Its whole object is to show that slavery—not the slavery of the black races merely, as it exists in the Southern States—but slavery itself, as a perpetual and universal institution, extending to all races and enforced under all times and circumstances, is a fundamental part of the divine order of society, and that nations in which slavery is not allowed are disorderly, wretched and sinful. That it may be seen we do not misrepresent this argument, we give the substance of it in the very words of the writer (pp. 11, 12):

"What then is the social system which God has ordained?

"It consists of four distinct, clearly defined, but coöperative relations, thus laid down in the New Testament:

"First. CIVIL GOVERNMENT, in which the relation of *ruler* and *ruled* is ordained.

"Second. The MATRIMONIAL; in which the relation of *husband* and *wife* is ordained.

"Third. The PARENTAL; in which the relation of *parent* and *child* is ordained. And

"Fourth. The SERVILE; in which the relation of *master* and *slave* is ordained.

"Now here we have drawn out by the pen of inspiration a perfect social system, the Divine plan adapted to man as a fallen being, in his disiplinary state; that is to say, to man as he is. Let us examine its structure.

"In these four relations we discover several significant traits. They are seen to be *coöperative*, they each perform an essential part in the discipline of man, and act conjointly, each in its own sphere, to produce the same great result, which the mission of the Saviour was intended to produce, to wit, the establishment of *obedience* in the soul of man. There is a unity of purpose in this arrangement which reveals the mind and hand of the same Divine Author.

"Each relation, it will also be seen, is a *quality;* it consists of two parties—one a *superior*, the other an *inferior*, and *obedience* is the significant lesson taught in each relation.

"A. In the relation of *civil government*, the *ruler* is *superior*, and the *ruled* are *inferior*, and *obedience* to the *ruler* is commanded from the *ruled*.

"B. In the *matrimonial relation*, the *husband* is *superior*, 'the head,' and the *wife* the *inferior*,' the weaker vessel,' and *obedience* to the *husband* is commanded from the *wife*.

"C. In the *parental relation*, the *parent* is *superior* and the *child* is *inferior*, and *obedience* to the *parent* is commanded from the *child*.

"D. In the *servile relation*, the *master* is *superior*, and the *slave* the *inferior*, and *obedience* to the *master* is commanded from the *slave*."

Can there be any mistake in this reasoning? Does it not assert frankly and distinctly that slavery, by which, we repeat, white as well as black slavery is meant, stands on the same divine footing as Marriage, the Family, and the State? The one is made as sacred as the other, as essential to the constitution of the social system, and as eternal in duration. They are all parts of one whole, and it is just as much our duty to maintain the right of the master to the services of his slave as it is to maintain the right of husband and wife to reciprocal fidelity, or to assert the supremacy of law over blind individual impulse. Indeed, the author of these monstrous propositions goes further, and alleges that slavery is not only as benignant in its influences and effects as the matrimonial, the parental, and the civil relations, but that it characterizes all these relations. Let us quote again, and beg our readers to weigh the terms:

"All these relations are educational and disciplinary. Just in proportion as each of the two parties in the several relations conform to the Divine requirement of just rule on the one part, and cheerful obedience on the other, where these several relations are regulated by the law of love, society is peaceful, harmonious, prosperous, and the slavery element in all of them is either so mitigated as to lose its severity, or it is made more stringent in its severity, just in proportion as the law is set at naught, being modified by the character of the individual or the community controlling or under control.

"If in civil government the ruler governs with justice, and is swayed by that love toward those over whom he rules which God has enjoined, it is readily perceived that his rule cannot be oppressive or tyrannical, and the disposition to cheerful obedience on the part of the ruled is encouraged and strengthened. The slavery, therefore, of this relation is in *effect* abrogated so soon and so far as it has accomplished its object in subduing the natural disobedience of the human heart, and tempered the character of a people with obedience to law. If, however, the ruled are fractious, turbulent, self-willed, vicious, the slavery element inherent in government revives and manifests itself by more stringent measures, so that persistent disobedience is rebuked and subdued even by physical force. So in the matrimonial relation (where the slavery element is of a milder type than in the other relations, being naturally tempered by a stronger love in the two parties), the obedience commanded becomes cheerful subjection, and then all revolting ideas of tyranny and oppression vanish, just so far as the parties conform to the rules that God has given for the regulation of that relation. When, however, the love that is enjoined disappearing in the husband, and a wilful, contrary, fractious spirit is manifested in the wife, then it is that disorder, contention and wretchedness ensue in the family.

"Again, in the parental relation this same slavery element is vigorous or mild, even disappearing altogether to suit the individual character of each child of a family. The parent, holding divinely appointed power, is commanded to use it temperately, not to provoke to wrath: but *obedience* is peremptorily commanded on the part of the child. Where the parental command is given in the temper required, and the child renders prompt and cheerful *obedience*, the bonds of its slavery are not felt. But when the child is wilful, headstrong, stubborn, unruly, then it is that the slavery element of the relation asserts its power and brings its severities to bear, to subdue the native disobedience of the young heart, before its unrestrained exercise shall in manhood have given it a strength that will compel at a remoter period the civil governor to use the stronger and more effectual means of subjection, in order to protect society from its violence.

"And now, in that relation in which the slavery element is more strongly because directly pronounced why should not the same reasoning be accepted? The master is restrained from an unreasonable exercise of his power by motives drawn from his own responsibilities to a higher power; he must be just toward his slave, but the slave is commanded to *obey;* when this obedience is cheerfully rendered by the slave, and the master exercises his power of command and direction in the temper required, are there any of those revolting appendages observable with which fanaticism delights to clothe it? On the contrary, are there not in this relation when faithfully carried out according to the Divine directions, some of the most beautiful examples of domestic happiness and contentment that this fallen world knows? Protection and judicious guidance and careful provision on the one part; cheerful obedience, affection, and confidence on the other."

Here we are told by these "Democratic" propagandists that slavery can be made exceedingly advantageous and beautiful. We all know how exquisite the feelings that grow out of the relations of man and wife, of parent and child, of citizen and citizen; how they subdue our more brutal and selfish instincts, and train us to habits of order, diligence, manliness and self-sacrifice; in our appreciation of the sweetness and beauty of these relations we do not exaggerate in calling them divine; yet the writer before us would fain persuade us that slavery is no less useful and charming, a school for the better passions, and the very cradle of the affections. Let our workingmen, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, who have never enjoyed the advantages of this "divine institution" think of what they have lost! Abandoned to such poor tutors as father and mother, wife and children, friends and fellow-citizens, they have never experienced the inestimable benefits of being either masters or slaves. Masters they would not be, in the darknes of their conscience, and slaves no man could ever make them; but alas for their error, and ignorance, and sin! Professor Morse and his "campaign documents" could have taught them a better way, could have shown these free laborers, who build our railroads, and canals, and ships, that they ought to have been bond laborers; could convince the mechanics who create the elegant fabrics of our arts and manufactures that they ought to be owned by their employers; could persuade the poor boys and girls who crowd our public and Sunday schools, and who are hereafter to become our legislators, authors, artists, and soldiers, that they ought to be menials in the houses of the richer classes. They have made an awful mistake, according to these "Democratic" doctors, in breaking the collars from their necks, and striving after a larger liberty of action and development. They have both damaged themselves and insulted heaven in escaping from that serfdom which centuries since prevailed in Europe, and still more, in overturning the slavery established in all the ancient nations.

REVERDY JOHNSON'S LETTER.

From the Worcester Spy.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON has taken up the lie that the war is so far a failure that "the Union is now even more effectually broken than it was when the Administration begun." The Chicago Convention flaunted the infamous statement in its platform, setting forth four years of military failure as a pretext for "the immediate cessation of hostilities." It is the prevailing Copperhead argument, designed and employed to promote popular discouragement and secure a change of Administration through an effort of sheer despair.

Fortunately the succession of military triumphs, beginning with the capture of the Weldon railroad and ending with Sheridan's glorious victory on the Shenandoah Valley, has taken the edge from the falsehood, and left it worthless in the hands of its inventors. While the Chicago Convention was concocting that marvel of political effrontery, which was finally adopted as its platform with but four dissenting voices, Sherman was winning victories worthy of the most renowned captains; and on the day the letter of Mr. Reverdy Johnson is said to have "electrified" Washington, Sheridan was driving his enemy before him in disorder and utter rout. Mr. Johnson employed his elegant leisure at the Springs in preparing an arraignment of the President for—among other things—"the selection of military officers grossly incompetent." These gallant captains and their followers answer him with victory on the spot.

But the answer to this bold falsification of history does not depend mainly, if at all, upon specific successes to our arms. These answer the cowardly slander upon the skill and devotion of our military leaders; and are an antidote to the poison with which the slanderers mean to destroy the rational and well-grounded hopes of the community. But the broad accusation of guilt, involved in the statement that after all the labor and sacrifices of the war the Union is "more effectually broken" than at the beginning, finds its reproof in the facts that the government is approaching the end of this bitter struggle without yielding at any moment, however dark and forbidding, a hair of its just right; that in spite of great faults and great consequent disasters, the constant tendency has been toward the vindication of constitutional authority and the weakening of the rebellion; and that at this moment the only cloud over the prospects of the country is that raised by a political conspiracy whose only chance of success lies in the way of detraction.

We speak now only of material results. If there were no other respect in which enlightened humanity and earnest patriotism could find cause for profound gratitude, this alone would be sufficient. But parallel with military progress and sometimes in advance of it, ideas have moved with unfaltering step, breaking prejudices or chains at a blow, wherever either obstructed their march. Maryland is the most illustrious example of the practical application of the new ideas. Mr. Reverdy Johnson himself owes his position to the hypocritical deference which he paid to them, and to the true men he has betrayed. Mr. Reverdy Johnson himself is witness to the efficacy and beneficence of that public sentiment which, emancipated from prejudice and effete traditions, has revolutionized Maryland, and placed her in the line of States whose freedom is assured.

The adoption of the anti-slavery policy by the Administration to a limited extent, has been followed by proportionally gratifying results. Mr. Reverdy Johnson says this policy has served "the double purpose of uniting the South against us and dividing the public opinion of the loyal States." He did not think so when he advocated the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution, and voted for the repeal of much of the pro-slavery legislation of the last twenty-five years. It is significant of the character of the McClellan movement that it compels him to renounce at the start the public policy to which he was in good faith committed. But public sentiment is not so easily perverted. It has pronounced judgment upon the system which practically sundered the Union nearly half a century ago, and with the aid of Northern servility has effectually prevented reunion from that time to the present. The judgment will be executed, if not through the war which the champions of slavery invoked for its preservation, then under the inevitable law which sooner or later secures justice to every living thing. If the war has taught any lesson it is that nothing can weaken slavery that does not strengthen the Union. The system is essentially, unchangeably hostile to any kind of government in which free institutions have an equal or a controlling share. The rebellion was not the beginning, but an incident in the development of its hostility. The history of the last fifty years is the history of a perpetual struggle—slavery reaching out for aggrandizement on one side, and freedom on the other struggling to restrain its hand. Failing by peaceful means it restored to war. It raised the spell, but could not control the fiend.

This is the time—its political power hopelessly overthrown, and its military power all but broken—a great party chooses to interfere, shouting across the gulf to the monster struggling in the article of death to hold out a little longer and they will come to its rescue. The rebel leaders are "holding out" to day under this promise of relief. But it will not come to them. Their friends may promise but they cannot perform. The people who have upheld the war during the varying fortunes of one Administration will not, in its triumphant hour, see it transferred to another, pledged to "the immediate cessation of hostilities" and practical defeat. The issue is plain and the result is not doubtful.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

From Harper's Weekly.

IF lanterns voted and rockets argued—if shouts carried an election, and a New York crowd in Union Square were the American people at the ballot-box, Mr. Pendleton and Gen. McClellan ought to be contented. Possibly the illumination of the meeting in Union Square a week since may have been bright enough to be visible at several miles distance. But dazzling as it was, we can assure our friends outside the city that it did not obscure, in the least, the plain question before the country.

There are but two candidates and two platforms. Every voter will support one or the other. Every man who wishes the unconditional maintenance of the government will vote for Lincoln and Johnson; while all who have no faith in the right or the power of the government to sustain itself—all who think that the "confederacy" should be recognized—all who hold that a State is "sovereign," and may coerce the National government and the other States, but must not itself be "coerced"—all who intend that the national debt shall be repudiated—all who believe that the war is and ought to be a failure, and that there should be an immediate cessation of hostilities, will vote for McClellan and Pendleton.

We do not say that some citizens who honestly mean the absolute maintenance of the government will not vote for Pendleton and McClellan—but in what company will they find themselves?

The hope of the McClellan-Pendleton managers is to carry the State of New York by securing the Chicago candidates an immense majority in the city. That they will have a majority here nobody doubts. But does anybody doubt that the same city would cast a heavy majority to-morrow to make peace on Jefferson Davis's terms? Can the majority of such a city be considered a Union majority? Can the candidates who will unquestionably receive it be considered in good faith Union candidates, especially when one of them frankly says that the government has no right to maintain itself by force, and that if we can not conciliate the rebels we must "let the seceding States depart in peace?"

All the colored lanterns in the country, all the denunciation of the President of the United States as a bloody monster, a usurper, an ape, a joker, and a buffoon, cannot blind the common sense of the American people to the issue.

VIOLENCE IN POLITICS.

From the Tribune.

WE appeal to patriots, and to good men irrespective of party, to unite in energetic, emphatic discouragement of all violent exhibitions of political feeling, and especially of all interference with political meetings, processions, etc., etc. No matter if the speakers *do* misrepresent and calumniate those whom you deem the best and greatest men in the country—no matter though they preach treason and rebellion—it is not your business to stop them—nay, you have no right to do it. Every man is responsible for his acts and his words to lawful authority, not to mob violence. If a speaker lies, choose a proper time and place to refute him; but you have no right to do it in *his* time and place. If a party meeting is called, its platform is *not* free to members of the adverse party, unless they be specially invited thereto. They are invited to listen, not to teach nor to interrupt. And, if you don't like what is said by the invited speakers, you are at perfect liberty to go (or stay) away.

Some persons seem to cherish a vague notion that they have a mission to expose all the sophistry, refute all the falsehood, and rebuke all the sedition they may chance to hear—a most mischievous and dangerous assumption. You are not called to notice in any manner objectionable remarks not specially addressed to and reflecting upon yourself. In fact, too much consequence is usually given to false or blundering assertions. They soon pass out of mind, if well let alone. Gen. Fremont, when a candidate for President, was the target of a

preach against such outrages, no matter on what pretext or by whomsoever committed; we call on the press to remonstrate against them, and to denounce all who incite or engage in them; we call on the people of all parties to condemn them and hold all who embark in, or countenance them, to a stern responsibility. We have quite enough lawless violence and blood-thirsty feud in the land already; but let us all resolve that, in the loyal States, and throughout the region uncursed by the bloody footsteps of open rebellion, not only on the day of election but at all times, before and afterward, the laws shall be respected and the public peace preserved.

MAYOR GUNTHER.

From the Tribune.

"See, my son," said a wise man "how little brains it takes to govern a country." Whoever wishes may read an illustration of that unquestionable truth by turning to Mayor Gunther's veto message in the official proceedings of the Common Council in another column. Both Boards of the City Government have passed a resolution to illuminate the public buildings as a token of public rejoicing at the recent victories gained over the public enemy. His Honor the Mayor refuses his concurrence, and gives what we are constrained in courtesy to accept as "reasons" for his dissent.

No human creature should be held responsible for a want of brains; it is his great misfortune rather than fault. Said Queen Elizabeth once to another Mayor who, on some civic occasion, mounted an official tripod and essayed an address:

"You great fool,
Get off that stool!"

The reply was more pertinent than courteous, but was a form of speech that may sometimes still be adopted on occasion with most significant propriety.

We do not propose to waste argument on Mayor Gunther's "reasons," as reasons presuppose ratiocination, a quality of the mind which, probably, his Honor cannot define and certainly does not possess. His supposition that a poverty of tallow necessarily leads to the imputation of disloyalty, is as sagacious as the assertion that no people ever rejoiced over victories in civil war is learned. The statement that "those in authority" do not claim the recent successes as "Union victories," but "as the result of the Emancipation proclamation," is as true and as wise as to assert that to defeat the enemy at all points is not "a harbinger of peace." What can be said of a man who has persuaded himself, and hopes to persuade others, that we are so far gone in the madness of fanaticism that we are bent upon fighting even when there is nobody left to fight with; and that Sherman and Farragut and Sheridan are instigated by no other motive, in the destruction of fleets and armies and the taking of cities, than an insane love of black people? It would be simply cruel to put such a man to the pain of reflection—supposing such a thing were possible—whose tender bosom is already rent with so dark and despairing a belief in the lost condition of his fellow-creatures.

But, if his Honor may not be blamed for not being wise, we do find fault with him for not being honest. Something, perhaps, may be pardoned to a man whose mind has been so much exercised of late with the question of fat-boiling nuisances, and who lacks a facile readiness of turning from one subject to another, that he should believe patriotism and the price of tallow-candles to have the most intimate relations. But even he might have found in his most inward consciousness, if he had taken the trouble to look for it, a conviction that his difficulty was not so much the price of a penny-dip, as in his own poverty of patriotism. He ought to have said: I, Mayor Gunther, am a father in the Democratic party; it is my hand that must uphold the Ark of this Covenant; my brothers called me because of personal as well as official altitude, to preside over the great meeting of the faithful on the 22d ult., when we ratified the nomination of two other great men to office; you, my people, must not rejoice over the success of our real enemies and the defeat of our real friends. We love these rebels, as they are called, oh! my brethren. Their cause is our cause. If they do more than we do it is not because they have more love for it, but only more courage. Yet have you not burned down orphan asylums, hanged many negroes, and razed their houses to the ground, all for that good cause? And you, who thus proved your patriotism, have since made me your Mayor. Listen, then, to my voice, and burn no tallow, cheap or dear, to celebrate the defeat of our persecuted brethren. By the blessing of God and the help of the Democratic party, they shall yet triumph, and the bodies of their and our enemies shall be delivered over into the hands and vats of the fat-boilers. It is this, or something like this, that Mr. Mayor ought to have said, in his own felicitous way, for this is what he meant.

But said, or unsaid, it is so be will be understood. The Chairman of the McClellan ratification meeting in Union Square, a leader by position and influence in the Democratic party, the man chosen to be Mayor, a year ago, by the same votes that will, next month, be given to the Chicago candidates, speaks with authority. He forbids that the taking of the rebel stronghold in Georgia, that the occupation of Mobile bay, that the rapid clearing-out of the Shenandoah Valley and the dispersion of the rebel hordes that threatened again to spread destruction and dismay and ruin through Maryland and Pennsylvania, shall be signalized by one token of rejoicing in a Northern city, by the rustle of so much as a single flag or the glimmering of a single farthing-candle. Our brave men who fight the battles of the Union by sea and by land may turn their longing eyes to their wished-for homes, and so far as the influence of the chief-magistrate of the chiefest of Northern cities, so far as the power of this acknowledged leader of the Democratic party go, darkness shall brood over those homes by night, and no gay banners float upon the air by day, when the news comes that they have again imperiled their lives, have again, in desperate fight, scattered our enemies, and are about, from the fields made rich with the best blood of our sons and brothers, to reap the rich harvest of Peace and Liberty. Let him garnish his message with never so fine "reasons," it is this, and nothing more and nothing less, that Mayor Gunther means. The rebel partisan has only tears to give to Union victories that must bring peace to a distracted land; joy only in the hope that the triumph of his party may be the triumph of a rebellion over the grave of the Union.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF MARYLAND.

From the Methodist.

The loyal people of Maryland may well greet the members of their Constitutional Convention with "Well done, good and faithful servants!" They have been loyal to their trust, and have made thorough work of it. They have buried the memory of the nineteenth of April under the monuments of a proud civic revolution. The rebellion has committed parricide in Maryland as elsewhere; slavery dies by the hand of its own legitimate but monstrous offspring.

The State which gave birth to the "Star-spangled Banner" has conformed its Constitution to its and our glorious hymn of liberty. Heretofore the sacred anthem has been sung at home over the heads of a hundred thousand men in chains. It blushed through all its glorious lines for the soil that gave it birth. Like the great prophets of the olden time, it was without honor in its own country, but, like them, it was none the less prophetic on that account. To-day the genius that dictated it, and the spirit that lives in it, rejoice over a purified and transfigured commonwealth. All honor to the men of 1864, who, in the Convention at Annapolis, cast the destiny of Maryland with the free States! Posterity will bless them; the wheat as it grows thicker, the corn as it grows higher, the tobacco leaf as it grows longer and broader, in the regenerated fields, will endorse them; the cities and villages, as they grow in extent, in beauty, in enterprise, and in wealth, will erect monuments to them; and the increased population, from her coasts to her mountain tops, gathering from every part of the Union and from every shore of the earth, doubling and tripling in a few years, will write the history and celebrate the honor of the men who could say: "Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

The Convention began its work of Constitution-mending by adopting the formula of universal liberty from the Declaration of American Independence. This was the key-note of all its proceedings. The minority interpolated its discords, but they were soon drowned in the advancing harmony. The majority also saw the relations of their work to the broad questions of national existence and national authority, and boldly asserted the sovereignty of the nation and the subordination of the State. They declare in their bill of rights that "the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress made in pursuance thereof, being the supreme law of the land, every citizen of this State owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and government of the United States, and is not bound by any law or ordinance of this State in contravention or subversion thereof." This was distinctly placing the State on the right side of the struggle, and yet uttering a truth for all history; it was a grand confession of nationality against secessionists, and an equally grand assertion of patriotism against rebellion. It is to be be hoped that all the loyal States will take the earliest opportunity to fix their national moorings with the same rational distinctness. A movement of this sort running through all the States, would do much toward setting the old and confused controversy respecting State Rights, and render future attempts at secession impossible.

The great question of slavery met with most summary treatment. Slavery ends upon the sanction of the Constitution by the vote of the people. It is not to be permitted to linger. "Dead men tell no tales." And this immediate emancipation is to entail no expense upon the State. The Legislature is forbidden to pass any law by which owners shall be compensated for the people freed. This was denounced as robbery of widows and orphans, by the minority of the Convention. The majority, however, retorted that slavery itself was robbery; that its rights were wrongs upon the bondmen; that there were black widows and black orphans as well as those of lighter complexion. Besides, the majority remembered that slave property, if sold at all, ought to be sold at market price. There was no reason why the State should pay for slaves when no one else would. The market price for negroes was at zero; the State recognized that fact, and acted accordingly. It would have been odd indeed if the State had taken the people's money to pay for a commodity for which no one else would give a cent.

Another strong point in the new Constitution is, that people of clearly-proven disloyalty are disfranchised; they can neither vote nor hold office. In cases of doubtful loyalty the suspected parties are required to take a most stringent oath. They must solemnly swear that they have never even encouraged the rebellion, or adhered to it by word or act, before being permitted to vote either on the Constitution or at any great election. Unless perjury should come fearfully into fashion, this will keep a great multitude from the polls; and if perjury should come into vogue it must incur great risk.

Finally, the Convention has allowed the soldiers in the field to vote on the adoption of the new Constitution, and if the Constitution is adopted, also for President at the approaching election in November. The opposition to granting this privilege to our defenders is one of the oddest and most unreasonable phenomena of the times. The country is in danger, the government uses every effort to induce men to become soldiers, and thus perform the very highest possible service for their country, and this service is to disfranchise them. We can send them into the jaws of death, but cannot send them a ballot-box. Maryland thinks otherwise. If there are those who would let rebel sympathizers vote and shut out the patriot soldiers, this Convention is not of their mind.

GEN. BUTLER DEFINES HIS POSITION.

HDQRS. DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA. IN THE FIELD, Sept. 26, 1864.

MY DEAR CAMERON: You will deem me a most remiss correspondent. If you had been enabled to come here, you would have found much of interest in answer to the question: What of the rebellion from your point of view.

We have been lying in front of Lee's army now for four months, which have by no means been spent in vain. From the examination of thousands of prisoners and deserters, and articles in the Southern newspapers, I am certain that these have been months of depletion to the Southern army; that the whole arms-bearing population of the States within the rebel lines have been exhausted in the effort to recruit their forces, and the capability, if not the will, to resistance is fast dwindling away.

The confederate Congress, in December last, passed an act, the first section of which is in these words: "The Congress of the confederate States do enact that *all white residents* of the confederate States between the ages of *seventeen* and *fifty* are in the service of the confederate States."

The act then provides how farmers, mechanics, and others may be *detailed by military authority* to raise the provisions and do the work for the *army in the field*.

What would our Democratic friends who are so blatant over "Lincoln's tyranny," say to such a draft as that on our side? I would like to see Gov. Seymour's mild protest against it. I would not like to hear Voorhees's denunciations of it, for they would be vulgar.

Now, when I read in the Richmond papers clamorous calls that the detailed men shall be all put into the ranks, how can I doubt the united testimony of deserters and prisoners that the rebel means as to men are at an end?

Never having been a convert to the theory that the provisions at the South would be readily exhausted, I have not placed much reliance upon that result. Yet it is certain that the means of transporting provisions from point to point by rail have given out, and the railroads are becoming so crippled in their equipment that it is impossible for them to furnish the movement of men and supplies necessary to the extensive military operations required to meet our forces.

Add to this the concurrent testimony of prisoners, deserters, and refugees, that the rank and file of their armies are in the confident expectation and belief in the promise of their leaders, that this will be their last campaign, that the nominees of the Chicago Convention will be elected in November, and that the independence of the Confederate States will be acknowledged and a treaty of peace concluded, and you have an imperfect synopsis of the reasons why I believe the rebellion near its end.

It will be for the loyal men of the North to see to it that their treason does not end in the way proposed by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of Gen. McClellan and the Chicago Platform.

Here is the only danger, if danger exists at all. Therefore, whatever may have been or may be the preferences of any man as to any person for the Chief Executive of the nation, or dissatisfaction with the course of the government upon matters of mere administration—yea, even in the important points of administrative policy, as laid down in the platform or foreshadowed in its acts—it seems to me the plain duty of every loyal man to support the election of Lincoln and Johnson.

The question now before the people is not as to the preponderance or fitness of Mr. Lincoln or Gen. McClellan for the Presidency. Admit that neither or either one or the other is of himself the best man for the place. What then? One must be elected. No other result is possible. We are then remitted to the class of political ideas which each represents; and to what is still more important, to the men and their affiliations by whom each will be surrounded, and controlled in fact, and by whom his administration will be shaped in the event of election. Can it be that any true man, especially any Andrew Jackson Democrat, can desire this government put into the hands of the Messrs. Vallandigham, Woods, Seymour, Pendleton, Long, Harris, Voorhees, and their surroundings, North and South? Let us see what their platform and their candidates mean: The war is to be carried on or it is not; if not, then a disgraceful and dishonorable peace, which will be no peace, and which no true man wants, is to be the result. Or, if carried on, then both platform and candidates are pledged to the disbandment of two hundred thousand colored men, now doing duty as soldiers or serving in the army, their places to be supplied either by volunteers, at an expense of hundreds of millions in bounties, or by a draft, which is the great ground of complaint by the opponents of the government.

Nay, more, if either the Chicago platform or McClellan's acceptance means anything, these negroes are to be returned to their masters, to fight or labor on the other side. Does any one doubt, if returned to their masters, they would at once be sent into the rebel lines, where alone such property has any value? Upon the theory of the Chicago platform and McClellan's "constitutional rights of States," I think it would "exhaust the resources of statesmanship" to show why these men should not be returned to their former masters, as, indeed, was the practice in Gen. McClellan's army.

Still further, does not Gen. McClellan twice over in his letter and platform promise new constitutional guarantees to the rights of the South?

Is it possible that all these concessions are to be forced from the North by secession at the point of the bayonet?

That which specially affects the mind of the old and true Democracy of the country in the Baltimore platform is its declaration as to slavery. In the view I take of this question it seems unfortunate that such a declaration was made, as it proves a stumbling-block to many.

Why not treat the slavery question according to the fact that slavery dies and is buried wherever our armies march? No political action can aid, no resolutions of conventions can hinder that result. The war, if prosecuted to the end, will accomplish all that the most ardent anti-slavery man can desire, so that if the war goes on to the bitter end for the restoration of the Union, then slavery is no more, and all declarations that the war shall or shall not be carried on for the extinction of slavery are futile and worse than useless. The war will extinguish slavery whether we wish it or not. Nay, it has extinguished slavery, by rendering the slave worthless. In Charleston, to day, a negro can be bought for $3,000 in Confederate money, which sells for $30 for one in gold, making the value of the negro $100. And this, too, with cotton at $1.75 per pound in New York. Before the war the same negro would bring $1,000 in gold, with cotton at 12 cents in New York.

Some different system of labor must be devised for the Southern country in the future, and peace upon any terms, even the acknowledgment of the Confederacy, cannot prevent it. If I am right in this view of the subject—and upon this conviction I have acted since I saw the fact in Louisiana in 1862—then what is there in the Baltimore platform to which any true loyal Democrat, who loves his country, and is determined to fight, if need be, for its integrity and honor, can object? I see nothing. But in the changes so rapid in administrative policy made by this war, no one will tie himself to any party cry or party platform.

I have but one article in my political creed at the present time. I am for a sharp, thorough, and decisive prosecution of the war until the authority of the Union is acknowledged, and its laws obeyed upon every foot of soil ever within the boundaries of the United States. Believe me truly yours,

Hon. SIMON CAMERON. BENJ. F. BUTLER.

THE WAR A FAILURE.

From the Philadelphia North American.

It is true that we have reconquered the whole of the valley of the Mississippi—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have abolished slavery in the District of Columbia—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have made Maryland a free State—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have conquered two-thirds of the Southern seaboard—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have admitted Kansas as a free State, which we could not do before Lincoln's election—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have reconquered New Mexico and Arizona, and organized our whole colonial empire on a free basis—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have extirpated slavery in West Virginia, and admitted it as a free State—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have recovered Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, and parts of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, Texas and the Indian Territory—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have made Missouri a free State and are making Louisiana one also—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

It is true that we have cut the rebellion in twain, recovered more than half its territory, destroyed the greater part of its forces, exhausted its resources, created a naval and military power which has amazed Europe, and demonstrated beyond question the strength of the great Republic—but then the Chicago Convention says that the war is a failure.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

We are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods Will they not try?

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. E. Chapman, No. 5 South-Fifth street.

Money received on account of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and forwarded to the publication office at New York as usual. Single numbers of the STANDARD for sale only at the Book Store of T. B. Pugh, South-west corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. See his adver tisement.

Office hours from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Cor. Sec'y.

PEACE.

The campaign of Grant before Richmond seems likely to derange that which the friends of Richmond have begun at the North. The fall of Atlanta, the successes of Sheridan, and the prosperous activity of Grant have carried dismay into the wigwams of the Copperhead Sachem and caused a fearful looking-for of yet impending judgments. And this is true political agitation on the part of the Nation. What used to be a mere figure of speech has now become an actual verity—the simple expression of facts. The campaign is a Campaign, the battles are Battles, and we have faith to believe that the victories will be Victories. Victories which will defeat McClellan and Vallandigham at the same time that they will demolish Davis and Lee. If not, they will be but defeats disguised as victories which will crown all the losses of the war by the final ruin of the country. The most emphatic orations which are now delivered are those which come from the cannon's mouth, and the most effective arguments the deadly messages that issue thence. The success of the hosts who are to rally at the polls is wrapped up in that to be won by the armies in the field. If not absolutely inseparable, the want of it in the one case would greatly endanger it in the other. We may well rejoice then at every triumph of our arms, because it is really conquering a Peace. A true, an honorable, an enduring Peace.

Dr. Franklin said well that there had scarcely ever been a bad peace or a good war. He said well in the sense in which he meant it, and interpreted by the light of his own conduct. He had entered with his whole heart and soul, when past the appointed age of man, into a war for Rights. A war of a very doubtful issue when it was begun. Nothing but the folly of the British government and the incompetency of the British generals saved the colonies from subjugation. To that salvation Franklin contributed much by his success in obtaining French assistance—a success which he could not have procured had not Gates captured Burgoyne at Saratoga. This alliance, and the union of almost all the powers of Europe against England which followed it, made the war end in the recognition of our Independence. And this recognition was reduced into a treaty and secured by Franklin himself at Paris in 1783. That this was a good peace, he believed, of course, and he could not have held that the war that extorted it was a bad one. If that were a good Peace compelled by a just and necessary war, how much better should be the Peace which shall round this war, so much more just and necessary than that? Any imaginable tyranny which the British Parliament could have exercised towards America would have been light and easy to be borne compared with that which would follow the reëstablishment of the Slave Power in its old supremacy, by the failure of our arms or the crime of our diplomacy in not putting victory to its true uses.

This war, indeed, is but the supplement of that of the Revolution, and the Peace which should close it should be one that will finish the work that the Revolution left undone, or both wars will have been fought in vain. The object of the Revolutionary war was to secure to the inhabitants of the United States certain inalienable rights. It failed signally to do so. It meant to secure self-government to the people and the enjoyment of equal political and personal rights. Its effect was to transfer the political control of the destinies and the fortunes of the American nation from an oligarchy East of the Atlantic to one South of the Potomac. There was nothing in the pretensions of England to hinder as perfect a freedom of speech and the press prevailing in the colonies as in the mother country. Nothing to prevent entire freedom of travel to all parts of the Empire and perfect protection everywhere. An American subject would have had all the political privileges of a British-born subject, if he chose to return to England. But the claim of the right to make laws for the colonies, though reduced in practice to all but an abstract assertion of it, was one which our fathers thought cheaply resisted at the price of a seven years war and more than seven years of impoverishment and depression. And they did wisely, for it was the necessary preliminary to a truly free government.

But through the taint of slavery which they believed would work itself out of the constitution of the people, the nation was brought nigh unto death. So near that the dreadful eruption of this war is but the natural and necessary crisis of the disease. The equality of political rights which was to be one of the fruits of the Revolution was perverted into the permission to receive all our laws and the direction of our public policy from the hands of an aristocracy founded solely on the ownership of human beings. War and peace, the rate and method of taxation, our relations with foreign nations and whatsoever pertained to national existence, were dictated by the caprice, or rather by the persistent policy of this ignominious oligarchy. And, besides this public and national predominance, the law of misrule was made organic within the limits of their especial domain and freedom of speech and the press and of locomotion were regulated by the tender mercies of Judge Lynch, or of formal laws as contrary to Common law or the Constitution as his decisions. One holding heretical opinions as to human rights might travel into the slave country and utter them by word or print, if he could find a printer, but it was with the certainty of torture and the likelihood of death, and that without appeal to the National authorities, and certainly without redress from them, could it be made. It did not seem as if much had been gained by exchanging the yoke of a foreign aristocracy grounded upon the ownership of land for one resting on property in human beings. And yet the predominance of this vile conspiracy against the rights of all the inhabitants of the land, white as well as black, went on from power to power and from insolence to insolence, till they were enamored by our submission and the servility of their Northern tools, to make the *coup d'état*, the failure of which has resulted in the present war.

The object of that *coup d'état* was to reduce the Nation to a yet more abject submission and to the elevation of slavery to absolute power, as the price of Union. There was nothing that they had ever demanded that they could not have had in the Winter of 1861. Mr. Seward declared that there was no sacrifice he was not willing to make to save the Union. Mr. Adams was content to allow slavery to go into New Mexico, if the inhabitants wanted it, thus abandoning the only issue involved in the struggle of 1860. But concessions only inflated their insolence and swelled their hopes. They never contemplated a final separation. They meant to return into the Union with drums beating and the black flag of slavery flying, triumphing over the conquest of our liberties. They scorned the paltry concession of the Territories. The boundless continent was to be theirs. They looked for nothing less than the right to take their slaves with them wherever they pleased within the limits of the nation, and hold them as long as they chose, in spite of any local laws to the contrary. Compensation for slaves escaping, or what had escaped, would be an easy boon. The prohibition of the discussion of the question of Slavery, everywhere, by the press or in public meetings, by National enactment, would have followed as of course. Some Constitutional changes as to the construction of Congress or the election of President, such as should secure them from the danger of agitation or of interference at Washington, might be readily extorted from our fears or our self-interest. This is no exaggeration, as we believe, of what the leading rebels expected to gain as the price of their receding from their Secession. And these things the men who now form the Copperhead party were ready to grant and eager to compel at that time. And so much of these things as the war will have left possible these men are still ready and eager to give as the price of peace and office. The Nation was better than they thought in 1861, and we believe that they will find it no worse in 1864. Such is the Peace which McClellan is ready to obtain for us, if his entreaties can prevail upon his benefactor and friend Davis, to agree to it. And such an one he proposes to compel him to accept by force, if entreaty fail! We think the Nation will have none of such a Peace or of such a negotiator. Peace it means to have, but a real and not a sham Peace, that it intends to conquer on the battle-field and at the ballot-box.

TOLERATION AT THE SOUTH.

GEN. SHERMAN retorted with perfect truth upon the Mayor of Atlanta, that the Confederacy had set the example of expelling from its borders the peaceful but obnoxious opponents of its policy. He added, what is equally undeniable, that the rebel expulsions have been characterized by indefensible barbarity and by a rigor which no consideration of mercy was allowed to temper. Their motive was vindictiveness, while his was purely military in its origin, and in effect regardful of the best interests of the exiled. Not only could the rebel procedure not be justified by the necessities of war, but it was neither dictated by nor dependent upon a state of war. It is in the nature of slavery, it is in the constitution of every slaveholding community, never to tolerate a difference of opinion on questions which affect the controlling despotism. The Union refugees of Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, the South-Western States, may very possibly have been surprised that their houses were burned above their heads, and themselves subjected to the horrors of savage warfare, without regard to inclemency of season, to age or sex. But they had witnessed, all their lives long, and as a matter of course, similar outrages upon sojourners and native residents who had been justly or maliciously accused of entertaining sentiments adverse to human servitude. They were never startled by the banishment of an Abolitionist, Yankee or indigenous, and often perhaps regarded it as mistaken clemency, where severer measures should have been resorted to. Many a time, it might be affirmed, they had assisted in person at the tar-kettle, had noosed and knotted the rope of death, or at least had bound for flogging and tortured with stripes both men and women whose only crime, if it was theirs at all, consisted in a conscientious conviction that slavery is not the *summum bonum* for white black.

The war can hardly be said to have developed or so much as intensified the infernal character of the slave system. The objects of its brutal ferocity have been new, and, what is more, have been ourselves. When every Southerner was a "brother," far from misguided, nothing less than Christian, what mattered it if a score or two of meddlesome fanatics, who might have kept their mouths shut, suffered at the hands of the chivalry the treatment usually reserved for slaves? Now, when every Northerner is hated as a public enemy, and every Southern Unionist as a traitor, our indignities seem atrocious, our sufferings unparelleled, our inquisitors as if transformed to fiends. Indeed there has been no transformation, simply manifestation of what was always inherent. The Confederacy itself is an illustration in gross of the principle which is the parent of the terrorism at the South. "We rebelled," said Jefferson Davis, "to get rid of the rule of the majority." That is, the Union was endurable only so long as the supremacy of the slave-owners was unendangered by the normal action of free thought, free speech, and a free ballot-box. The moment these seemed likely to imperil the servile fabric, the effort was made to subjugate, or, failing in that, to secede from, the Union. To subjugate it, was to expel the North, so far as that term is synonymous with an anti-slavery purpose; to secede was to make sure of an undivided assent to the dominion of slavery in all the territory which it cursed by its presence.

No Union can be restored by compromise in which either thought or expression will be untrammelled, though the advocates of such a restoration, who are at the same time raving for free speech, of which they affect to have been deprived, are careful not to give prominence to this fact. The return of slavery to power in the States which are held, as they were recovered to the Union, by the strong arm of the government, would be attended by a double exodus of loyal citizens—first in anticipation of the awful scenes which would inevitably ensue, and next under a realization of them by the few who might have ventured to remain. This is the price of armistice, and of that concession which McClellan says is as essential to the reconstruction as it was to the formation of the Union. Let any one imagine, if he can, a desertion more base and cruel than would befall the loyal men of the South in the event of a surrender like that demanded at Chicago. Then let him consider what duty requires at the approaching election, when the issue lies between protecting and sacrificing the friends of the Union whose homes are south of Mason and Dixon's line.

SOJOURNER TRUTH, in her pilgrimage to the Capital, is resting for a time in New Jersey, and spoke effectually at Orange in the afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 25th. We understand that she has meetings in prospect in Newark and Trenton also. If she retains a tithe of her former power, she can contribute valuable aid to the redemption of a State whose military record, in the present as in the first Revolution, is too honorable to be sullied by complicity with treason. It is but fair to mention that New Jersey is by no means despaired of for freedom at the coming election. Her opportunities for enlightenment are bettered by at least one new railroad, independent of Camden and Amboy, passing through districts of physical and mental waste. Its impulse to business enterprise is already perceptible, and light will surely follow in due time.

THE Boston papers inform us that the *Commonwealth* has passed into the hands of Charles W. Slack, Esq., "who proposes to make it a first-class paper in all respects." The change will probably have the good effect to unify a paper which many hands have hitherto made entertaining at the expense of steadiness and vigor. We wish it well.

THE only decent excuse for Gen. McClellan's retaining his commission must be an implied readiness to employ his sword whenever the government shall call upon him. In other words, he is prepared to renew his participation in that "fratricidal," "inhuman" warfare which his party have nominated him to end. He condemns the policy of the Administration, yet would be content to serve in its execution. He believes in curing rebellion with olives, but will administer bullets without remorse. He is for peace and the salary of a President; for war and the pay of a Major General. He "don't believe in principle, but oh he does in interest."

THE FREEDMEN OF VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA.

LIEUT.-COL. J. B. KINSMAN, General Superintendent of Negro Affairs in the department of Gen. Butler, makes an interesting report to that commander, for the six months ending June 1st, 1864. The department is divided into four districts, as follows:

"The First District comprises the counties of Elizabeth City, York and Warwick, north of the James river, and is in charge of Capt. Charles B. Wilder. The Second District comprises the counties of Norfolk, Princess Anne and Nansemond, south of the James river, in charge of Capt. Orlanda Brown. The Third District takes up all the territory of North Carolina in our possession and is in charge of Capt. Horace James. The counties of St. Marys', in Maryland, Northampton and Accomac, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, annexed to your Department since the issuing of Order No. 46, is known as the Fourth District, in charge of Dr. Caleb S. Henry."

The First District had in January a colored population of 10,449 persons, with an excess of females amounting to 400. Of these only 1,669 were free at the outbreak of the rebellion, and all are self-supporting except 4,271. 654 are able to read.

"Elizabeth City county alone (which contains Fortress Monroe and Hampton), has 5,250 colored people within its limits. In this county enlistments and the various demands of the government for the services of laborers have removed nearly all the able-bodied men and left their wives and children to our care, preventing a more successful trial of the self-supporting system than otherwise might have been obtained. These people, however, are gradually receiving the requisite aid for placing them in a condition whereby they may soon become self-supporting. Over forty farms in this county are being cultivated for their use, most of which are worked upon shares by the negroes, the government receiving from one quarter to one half of the crop, in proportion to the horses, harness, seed and farming implements furnished them. The crops sown and planted consist of oats, corn, potatoes, and a few acres of cotton."

"The sub-district of York, including Yorktown and vicinity, is under the superintendence of Mr. Rodney Churchill, and has a colored population of 4,380. The colored population in this section have been clustered together in cabins of a uniform size, built of rough hewn timber. This little town is laid out in a square, divided by streets running at right angles; each hut or house has attached to it a very small garden plat. This plan of settling the negro with his family on so small a lot of land was found to be of no advantage for self-support, and measures were taken to remove them to spacious abandoned farms within the county. Owing, however, to the want of cooperation on the part of the military commandant of the post, the removal was for a time delayed. Your kind interference in the matter has produced the desired result, and the people have been mostly removed to the farms in the vicinity."

The colored people here, as in the other districts, "readily avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them for learning to read." They are instructed by seven female and four male teachers, who have an average attendance of 794 scholars. These teachers are sent out by Northern societies, at salaries ranging from $10 to $20 per month, government furnishing quarters and rations.

The Second District has a population of 21,205, the males preponderating by upwards of 600. 7,258 were originally free. 9,446 are without employment, and come upon the government for support. 2,098 of them can read.

"Here we occupy, as abandoned property, forty-six farms, or a total number of acres amounting to 18 782, estimated at 10,000 in timber. 8,782 in cleared land, 8,000 acres are now under cultivation, giving employment to 1,305 colored laborers. A stimulus is here given to labor by devoting a share of the crops raised to most of those employed. 1,404 are soldiers' families, including the infirm and destitute; 363 are employed in mills (lumber), chopping wood, building houses, etc. A steam saw-mill on Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise's plantation, supplies plank and boards in quantities to the Quartermaster's and other departments. This plantation, of 700 acres, is highly cultivated by the negroes who occupy the land, while the residence affords excellent quarters for school purposes. The school is largely attended by the colored children and adults, and requires the services of three white teachers."

"On abandoned lands in the vicinity of Nofolk, rented the negroes last season, 10,000 bushels of corn were produced and disposed of in government account by auction, at prices varying from 85 cents to $1.20 per bushel, and the money accounted for according to the terms of their contracts. Should there be no interruption during the present season, considering the additional land plowed, I confidently expect 75,000 bushels of corn to be raised in this district.

"Independent oystering and fishing has proved a lucrative employment for many; though the season for such operations is short, persons so employed are able to lay by moderate sums sufficient to care for themselves during other portions of the year.

"The cutting of cord wood and manufacture of staves afford no inconsiderable revenue, and the saving on the issue of rations over other districts speaks well for the judicious management of its affairs."

The corps of teachers consists, for the district, of thirty-six white and five colored, with an average attendance of 2,355 scholars, whose "anxiety to learn is decidedly intense."

The Third District contains 17,419 negroes, with an excess of 300 females. 2,774 were free from the first. Government supports 5,783. 2,231 are able to read. More than one-half are refugees since the military occupation of the territory by our forces. The details of their progress are quite noticeable.

"A new settlement has lately been laid out within our intrenchments, on the plan of allowing each family a lot of land measuring fifty feet by sixty feet; this consolidation, at the present crisis of affairs, proves a safe and economical arrangement. In December, 1863, in three camps, the government fed nearly two thousand negroes. In this consolidated camp, containing almost as many as were collected in the three separate camps, less than 500 are supported. Similar settlements are now being established, though upon a smaller scale, in the vicinity of Beaufort and other places. Roanoke Island, with capacity to accommodate 5,000 to 6,000 people, and giving each family an acre of land, is selected for its peculiar adaptability as a settlement for the negroes. In its waters are fish of the finest kind and in great variety through the year. Its insular position favors bringing to its shore turpentine and timber from the banks on the east, and the main land on the west; and, above all, it is deemed secure from the incursions of the enemy. It is laid out in broad avenues three or four miles long, crossed at right angles by streets, and lined with cabins built by the colored people's own hands, from timber that grew upon their lots, presenting an interesting appearance of civilization, contrasted with the wilderness but eight months ago. The people here are comfortable, contented and happy in being permitted to hold real estate (a house and garden lot); to own which forms the strongest possible incentive to labor for their own support.

"As before stated, one of the natural resources of Roanoke Island being its fisheries, the effort has been made to work them in the interest of the negro. For this purpose Holland Streeter, Esq., was placed in charge of the business in February, 1864, and furnished with boats and nets to carry it on. The season has been very unfavorable for the shad fisheries, but rights were let for nearly one thousand nets, and one hundred more were worked by himself. He is prepared to follow up the business in the herring and bass seasons. The capacity of these waters to supply the islanders with fish is almost unlimited, and they might be marketed with great profit. In addition to the fisheries to employ the colored people, the census of the district shows that two-thirds support themselves, and are employed in the various trades and occupations of common life. Nearly all of the work that is done out of the army is done by the negroes; besides they are largely employed in performing the labor of the quartermaster, commissary, and engineer departments. The want of assured protection has seriously interfered with the disposition of these people on farms or plantations, as our military lines extend but a short distance beyond the towns. The Rodman plantation, near Washington, consisting of six or seven hundred acres, was being diligently worked, and many log cabins for the negroes were built, but all has been abandoned, and with the withdrawal of our troops the people were brought safely away. A few acres are being cultivated near Beaufort; thus the limited farming facilities of Roanoke Island are all that is left us in the State."

Five male and thirty-eight female teachers, four colored, have an average attendance of 2,781 scholars. Of the number mentioned above as being able to read, "three-fourths at least have learned their letters under the instruction of the teachers within the last eight months." So rapid has been the educational advancement, that a grammar school can be profitably established this Winter.

The Fourth and last District is peopled by 14,463 persons, with 400 more females than males. 2,959 were free. Only 957 are supported or aided by government. Only 64 were found able to read.

"When the system established by Order No. 46 went into operation in this district, everything was new; and half of the negroes were scattered sparsely over a peninsula eighty miles in length. Arrangements were made to supply subsistence to the soldiers' families and to such aged, infirm and destitute negroes and their families as had shelter for themselves, or which was provided for them in different places, without expense to the government. Such as were without shelter have been provided for upon an abandoned estate in Townfield, in the County of Northampton—a House of Refuge and Industry being established there, containing, on the 31st of March, one hundred and thirty-four inmates, mostly women and children. Around this estate fences have been made and repaired; agricultural operations have been commenced and prosecuted as vigorously as possible. Three hundred acres of land have been planted with corn, potatoes, oats and cotton."

Sixty thousand men, women and children—representing those chiefly who are not fit for battle—are thus evolving the grand experiment of free society, with results which are gratifying for the present, and highly promising for the future. They have the good fortune to be placed under the control and friendly care of a man who, better than any other statesman in the land, comprehends the misery of their former condition, and the spirit of the system from which they have been emancipated; and who is thoroughly in earnest in his endeavor to extirpate the race and the name of slaveholders. We are confident that the prospects of these poor people are bright and honorable.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2d, 1864.

I DID not think when I wrote my last letter that any one could satisfy me that Thurlow Weed was at the bottom of Postmaster-General Blair's removal, but it is the fact. I suppose we may as well call it removal, for although Mr. Blair tendered his resignation last June, it was not accepted. The notice of the President doubtless struck him rather awkwardly, and he had nothing to do but to bow out of office. Mr. Blair is conducting himself generously, for he goes heartily into the canvass. One can but feel that it was a great pity that Fremont and Blair should have quarreled. Together they could have stood up against any enemies. But Fremont was foolish and headstrong, and Blair would persist in uttering his peculiar views upon negro colonization, till both lost nearly all the friends they had in the Republican organization. If one of the results of the election of Mr. Lincoln should be to bring these old friends together, and upon a high-toned, anti-slavery basis, it would greatly please four-fifths of the members of the Republican party.

The fact that Mr. Weed advised Mr. Lincoln to dismiss Blair would seem to show that he is at last determined to advocate the reëlection of Lincoln. For a

POLITICAL.

Honest men have two new means of guidance as to how they shall vote in November. Gen. Cass and Millard Fillmore support McClellan. Enough said.

The Hartford *Press* is happy to announce that the State Committee have secured the services of Miss Anna E. Dickinson for one evening of the campaign. She will speak in Hartford Saturday evening, October 22. Subject—"Chicago—the Last Ditch."

An official announcement by Gov. Hahn, of Louisiana, gives the total votes cast for and against the new Constitution, as follows: For the Constitution, 6,836; against the Constitution, 1,666. Gov. Hahn, in a proclamation, has declared that the Constitution is henceforth ordained and established as the law of Louisiana.

A new German Radical daily, called *Der Missouri Radicale*, has just been established in St. Louis. It is edited by Dr. Hillgaertner, formerly editor of the *Neue Zeit*, of the same city, and one of the leaders of the Fremont party in Missouri. The new paper reiterates devotion to the principles laid down in the Cleveland Platform, but announces that as there are now only two Presidential tickets in the field, it will support the Baltimore nominations. It is expected that gradually all the supporters of an independent Radical ticket in Missouri will take the same course. They have in the renewal, at this moment, of the rebel raids another warning of what the success of the Copperhead platform would lead to.

THREE GENERALS.—Geo. W. Curtis opened his speech in the Academy of Music with the following capital point:

There is one Maj.-General in the service of the United States, who does not believe in an immediate cessation of hostilities. There is one General who did not give the rebels a day to escape up the Shenandoah Valley—a General who is never late—one of the early birds that catches all the worms (applause). There is another Maj. General in the service of the United States whose words of heroic loyalty rang like a bugle call through the ranks of rebellion and secession: "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" [Cheers.] My friends, there is another Maj. General in the service of the United States, and he says: "If any man hauls down the American flag, let us all go at once into convention, and 'exhaust all the resources of statesmanship, known to the civilized world' in order to contrive some means by which we can coax them to haul it up again."

Mr. Curtis has been nominated for Congress from the First District of this State. We wish his chances of election were as fair as his qualifications are meritorious.

GEN. DIX REPUDIATES THE DOINGS AT CHICAGO.—Gen. John A. Dix was called out at Sandusky, Ohio, on the evening of the 26th ult., and thus emphatically expressed his opinions on the crisis:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am very thankful to you for the honor you have done me. As I arrived here late tonight, am engaged in public business, and shall depart at an early hour in the morning, I know you will excuse me if I limit what I have to say to a simple acknowledgment of your kindness and courtesy.

I will say one word, however, on the subject which lies nearest the heart of every loyal man—I mean the rebellion. It has been my conviction from the beginning that we can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed and the leaders of the rebellion expelled from the country (loud cheers). I believe that a cessation of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent States; and when I say this I need hardly add that I can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago platform is the basis (renewed cheering and applause). No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall restore the Union and the Constitution, lies in a steady, persistent and unremitting prosecution of the war (great applause); and I believe the judgment of every right-thinking man will soon bring him to this conviction.

With these few remarks, and renewing the expression of my thanks for your kindness, I bid you all good night.

A parallel has lately been drawn between Arnold's famous proclamation in 1780, calling the American people to follow his base example, and the speech made by Gov. Seymour at Milwaukee just after the Chicago Convention. The following points of resemblance are brought out:

ARNOLD.	SEYMOUR.
First—That freedom of speech and of the press has been taken away.	*First*—"The freedom of speech and of the press has been denied us."
Second—That property has been appropriated.	*Second*—"It is your property, the property of Northern tax-payers, which is confiscated."
Third—That illegal imprisonments have been made.	*Third*—"Men have been torn from their families and locked up in prison, and women, too."
Fourth—That odious conscriptions have been imposed.	*Fourth*—"Men are told that they must leave their homes and devote themselves to war."
Fifth—That peace, which might have been had, was refused.	*Fifth*—"The policy of the Administration has placed hindrances in the way of the Union."
Sixth—That the first objects in taking the field have been abandoned.	*Sixth*—"The Administration has entered upon a settled policy dangerous to the welfare of the country."
Seventh—That the country has been deluged with blood, and made a land of widows and orphans.	*Seventh*—"In God's name, are there no means by which we can save the lives of husbands and brothers?"
Eighth—That it is necessary to join him, in order to close those afflictions and return to prosperity.	*Eighth*—"We nominated McClellan that we might restore prosperity and peace to the people."

AID AND COMFORT.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, for several successive days, has contained accounts of outrages perpetrated upon colored people by the conductors of the city cars. We might attribute these disgraceful occurrences to the embittered feelings of the political canvass, were they not part and parcel of a long series, which have done much to affix a stigma upon the character of the community that tolerates them. Philadelphia boasts itself the most loyal city in the Union, and the claim may be allowed as a general statement; yet New York, which hanged and burned its colored citizens in July, 1863, now admits them without distinction and without hesitation to all its public conveyances. The change here, to be sure, has been recent, but it was brought about by a single act of violence done to the widow of a colored soldier, in expelling her from a street car. The case was brought before the courts, the press seconded the appeal for justice, and a right decision was speedily obtained.

Keeping alive the prejudice against color is one method, and perhaps the meanest, of furthering the rebel cause; and the city which wants the moral pluck to suppress this cowardly warfare in its own streets, is in danger of having its loyalty questioned and disproved. There ought to be purpose enough, and means enough, and tribunals enough—there is no lack of cases—to put an end forever to this remnant of subserviency to slavery. But there is little to hope from those who are not spurred to indignant action by the daily perusal of such recitals as the following:

From the Press of Sept. 27.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: How long are the feelings of Christian men and women in this city to be shocked by the cruel treatment of our colored citizens in our city railroad cars? On last Saturday three or four well-dressed colored persons stepped upon the platform of a Fifth street car, among whom was a lady with an infant in her arms. There being no vacant seat, I offered her mine, and urged her to take it, on account of the necessity of holding her child. The others of the party did not attempt to enter the car, but remained on the platform. The conductor, seeing my purpose, interfered, saying that the woman could not come in. He replied that he should lose his situation if he allowed it. The lady, for such she was, returned to the platform, and stood there, holding her child, a silent witness to the injustice and inhumanity which are practiced in Philadelphia towards colored people.

Several days ago, a friend of mine attempted to put her servant, a respectable and well-dressed woman, into one of our cars on Fourth street. The servant was recovering from illness, and was quite feeble—wholly unequal to the exertion of walking. The conductor allowed her to enter, but, seeing that the lady was not intending to accompany her, ordered her out. The lady remonstrated, urging that the woman was very feeble, and that common humanity would not refuse her the right to avail herself of a seat in the car. The conductor roughly declared that she should not ride, unless accompanied by the lady. My friend, of course, accompanied her, though at much inconvenience to herself. Her indignant rebuke of this insult towards an unoffending member of the community elicited an exclamation of "Shame!" from one passenger; the rest were silent.

Is it not a disgrace to this city that a class of our citizens who are fighting for the life of this nation are not permitted to ride in our street cars? That the mothers, wives, and sisters of the men who are encamped in our suburbs, awaiting the summons to confront our enemies in mortal combat, must relinquish the comfort of visiting their sons, husbands, and brothers, unless they are able to hire private conveyances, or walk to the suburban depot.

Does a people deserve success in the struggle for its own liberties, while it tramples on the rights of its brethren, and insults their and our Creator and Father? The most respectable portion of our press has rebuked this unjust and cruel practice. It is time that our Churches rebuked it in language which could neither be misunderstood nor disregarded. New York has removed this disgrace from herself. Shall Philadelphia be less just and humane? Yours, W.

From the Press of Sept. 28.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: I perceive in yesterday's paper you chronicle other outrages, by conductors of passenger cars, upon colored people. Another instance of a flagrant character came to my knowledge a day or two ago. A few weeks since a lady, a little boy about eight years of age, on crutches, and a bright mulatto woman with an infant in her arms, got into car No. 13, of the Fourth and Eighth streets, Germantown line, near Arch street. The conductor required the colored nurse to go upon the platform. The lady remonstrated, but the conductor insisted, and the whole party were compelled to leave the cars.

These companies admit persons with disease; persons whose breaths are fœtid with whiskey and onions; and the filthy, if there happens to be a white skin beneath. But a respectable colored woman, though accompanying her mistress and nursing her child, must be thrust upon the front platform, amidst tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, the jostling of trunks and packages, without a seat, and at the peril of life; for persons have been killed occupying those platforms.

These companies are common carriers, and are bound to make suitable provision for, and carrying all persons desiring to ride, who conduct themselves properly and have no infectious disease; and I am surprised at the patience and toleration of both our white and colored population, at the outrages perpetrated upon them by these companies and their officials. A persistent appeal to the law, in a few instances, would bring them to their senses. Is there not sufficient manliness, and sense of right and justice, in the management of at least one of these companies, to put themselves on legal grounds, and be what the law requires them to be—common carriers of all persons, healthy and well-behaved, who desire a passage? If not, then the law should bring them to the discharge of their legal duties.

I am, sir, yours truly, W. L. P.

From the Press of Oct. 1.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: The press has lately teemed with instances of brutal treatment to colored people by the conductors of passenger railroad cars. We have another instance to record, and we hope you will insert it in your valuable paper, as it shows the depth of malignity and cool brutality some of the conductors possess.

On Thursday evening a very respectably dressed colored woman stepped on the front platform of a car on Pine street, near Eighth, and was adruptly ordered off by the "gentlemanly" conductor, who swore that "*niggers* should not ride on any part of his car." She remonstrated with him, when he seized her by the arm, and dragged her from the car, throwing her, with a basket she had, into the gutter. In his efforts to force her from the car her clothes were torn, and her arm very badly lacerated. How long will such barbarities be tolerated in this professedly enlightened community? Yours, T. J. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WALKER, WISE & Co., Boston, publish "A Youth's History of the Rebellion," by William M. Thayer, well known to young people as the author of "The Bobbin Boy," "The Pioneer Boy," etc. In the form of a conversation between a good-natured uncle and his nephews and nieces, the story of the war is told from the bombardment of Sumter to the capture of Roanoke Island. The writer plainly exposes the true and only cause of the rebellion and makes the moral issues of the great controversy everywhere prominent. The narrative is attractive, and its historical continuity is relieved by anecdotes and episodes. The illustrations are inferior. (For sale by William Wood & Co., 61 Walker street.)

The same firm issues "The Hour which cometh and now is," a collection of twenty-three sermons preached by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in the Indiana Place Chapel, Boston; of which the first gives the title to the volume. They are the productions mainly of the past three years, and of course are pointed with illustrations, deductions and lessons from the conflict which has raged in all that time. They are characterized, however, by great sweetness of temper, great equanimity, trust, hopefulness, and are written in a style which is beautifully clear and simple. Their perusal gives strength and refreshment—buttressing our faith in God, enlarging our love for our fellowmen. We shall select a specimen for our readers next week. (For sale by Jas. Miller, 522 Broadway.)

"Fanny Fern" has written "A New Story-book for Children." All sorts of homely topics are seized by her for conversion into tales of profit and amusement. Best of all, she dresses for the youthful mind the biographies of noble characters, and thus presents the childhood of John Brown, Charlotte Bronte, Robert Burns, George Stephenson, Walter Scott, and many others. The children will agree that she has not mistaken her calling in writing for them. (New York: Mason Bros., 7 Mercer street.)

Clark and Maynard, 5 Barclay street, publish in green and gold, duodecimo, a complete volume of "The Poems, sacred, passionate, and humerous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis." The edition is very neat, and the steel portrait of the poet is good. Uniform with this is "The poems and Ballads of Schiller, translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart." The last London edition is here imitated. Many of Bulwer's versions have become as it were domesticated, and praise of any of them is needless. Schiller's description of "A Group in Tartarus" is not too severe to apply to the traitors of the present hour, at least if we let the judgment of posterity stand for Tartarus:

"Hark, as hoarse murmurs of a gathering sea—
As brooks that howling through black gorges go,
Groans sullen, hollow, and eternally,
One wailing Woe!
Sharp Anguish shrinks the shadows there;
And blasphemous Despair
Yells its wild curse from jaws that never close;
And ghastly eyes forever
Pine for the bridge athwart the fordless River,
Swelling with tears the wave that mourning flows,
And ask each other with parched lips that writhe
Into a whisper, 'When the end shall be?'
The *end!*—Lo, broken in Time's hand the scythe,
And round and round revolves Eternity!"

IN THE BLOOD.—Gen. Charles J. Paine, who led the colored troops to further glory in the late advance on Richmond north of the James, is a native of Boston, and a great-grandson of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts. The descendant honors the doctrine of his ancestor, and practically enforces the equality of man.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Gen. Grant has improved the opportunity afforded him by Sheridan's diversion in the valley of the Shenandoah. That portion of the Army of the Potomac which is subject to Gen. Butler's direction was ordered across the James river on the night of the 28th ult., and, taking the Varina road, pushed forward to the first rebel line of works at Chapin's Farm, seven miles from Richmond. These were stormed by the Eighteenth Corps, under Gen. Ord, who was slightly wounded in the assault. 15 cannon were taken and several hundred prisoners. The ground thus gained and held against a determined effort at recapture on the following day, is opposite Fort Darling, with a wide stretch of river intervening. Simultaneously with this successful movement, Gen. Birney led the Tenth Corps out from Deep Bottom, with Gen. Paine's colored division in the advance, and halted on the Newmarket road at a point on a line with Chapin's Farm, not without some fighting, in which the colored troops maintained their good reputation. Kautz's cavalry approached within two miles of Richmond. The enemy having weakened their right to encounter this attack, Gen. Warren with his Fifth Corps assailed their entrenchments on the Southside road, southwest of Petersburg, carried them, and secured a position which virtually commands the Lynchburg and Petersburg railroad, and restricts the transportation of supplies for Richmond to the Danville road alone. Here, as on the north of the river, an effort was made by the rebels to recover what they had lost, but in vain.

Gen. Sheridan took possession of Staunton on the 26th, and destroyed a large amount of Confederate property, interrupted the road thence to Waynesboro, by the destruction of bridges, the track, a depot, etc., and has deprived the enemy of all the accumulated supplies in the valley intended for Early's army. That General is said to be covering Gordonsville and Charlottesville. Reinforcements sent him by Lee were recalled on the way because of Grant's activity.

Guerillas are busy in Tennessee. It is now stated that Forrest did not massacre his colored prisoners at Sulphur Trestle, but treated them as prisoners of war. The invasion of Missouri is an unpleasant reality. Some small posts with their defenders have been captured, but Pilot Knob was unsuccessfully assaulted, and with considerable loss. Our forces immediately evacuated the place, under the skillful lead of Gen. Ewing.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

GALLANT CHARGE OF COLORED TROOPS—REBEL WORKS CARRIED BY STORM.

A private letter from Pensacola, received in New Orleans (says the *Era*), gives the subjoined interesting particulars of the expedition in Florida, sent out by Gen. Asboth, in the latter part of last month:

"Capt. Eugene F. Robert and his noble Company A (the regiment is the Eighty-second United States Colored Infantry), was complimented in General Orders for a successful charge on the rebel earthworks known as Fort Hodson, at the Fifteen-mile House, on the Pensacola railroad, wherein the colors of the Seventh Alabama (rebel) cavalry regiment were captured, besides a large number of horses, sabres, rifles, corn, cattle, ammunition, etc., and some twenty-two rebel privates and three lieutenants were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The rebel loss was as follows: Three privates killed, eight wounded, and eleven captured; two officers wounded and one captured. The only loss on our side was one man mortally wounded and a horse killed.

"We destroyed by fire their new earth and log breastworks, besides all the buildings at the station. Before the charge was made, Capt. Roberts skirmished three miles through the pine woods, the rebels steadily falling back before him, when he suddenly came upon the breastworks. It was at once perceived that the enemy was endeavoring to entrap our men, but as the line of rebels rose above the works to fire, an order was given for the black troops to lie down, and the whole volley whistled harmlessly over their heads.

"In the dense smoke, Capt. Roberts and his men crawled up to within fifty yards of the works, when the Captain ordered a charge. With bayonets fixed, they started with a yell, and cleared the works, and made the captures, as above stated."

The letter from which the above is taken pays the colored soldiers a high compliment, and says "they have not only proved that they will fight, but as clean, orderly, well-disciplined troops they cannot be surpassed."

A correspondent of the *Detroit Tribune*, writing from Knoxville, under date of Aug. 26, says:

The force remaining here after the three companies of the First Ohio had gone to London, consisted of the seven remaining companies of that regiment, about a thousand men, and as many companies of First U. S. Heavy Artillery (colored), a thousand men, and about five hundred convalescents, who could, in the emergency of an attack, get into the trenches. Fifteen hundred citizens have been armed and are drilling daily. Sentinels are at every door-post, requiring a pass, a salute, or duty under arms, or work upon the fortifications, of every man, regardless of rank or color.

Three companies of this colored regiment are at Strawberry Plains well fortified. This regiment is inferior to few in the service, in drill and general appearance. Its officers are convinced from the past, that their portion in a fight must be "victory or death," and think that this is so fully impressed upon their men, that, rather than surrender, they will fight like demons until they are all slaughtered.

THE REBS. GETTING USED TO COLORED TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, September 28—Evening—Five deserters came in last night in front of Col. Russell's brigade of the Ninth Corps, giving themselves up to the colored pickets on the line.

They were conscripts, and though they had served out their time, could not obtain their discharge. As soon as they found that they would not be forced into our ranks they made up their minds to desert, expressing their intention to their comrades.

This they accomplished, and they are now on their way North, under the terms of Gen. Grant's proclamation.

The rebels seem to have got rid of their noted antipathy to the colored soldiers. Some time ago they made it a rule to keep up a continual fire wherever those soldiers made their appearance.

But now they remain as quiet on that part of the line occupied by the colored troops as at any other point. When deserters come in (many of them Virginians) they are always willing to accept food from whatsoever hands it may come, and they can often be seen sitting and eating with the negroes and acting towards them as though their skins were as white as their own.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT NAPPING.

On Wednesday night, Sept. 28, the rebels made a furious attack on our advance earthworks, in front of Fort Sedgwick, on the Jerusalem plank road.

The troops attacked were commanded by Col. Russell, of the Twenty-eighth colored troops. Fort Sedgwick opened fire on the rebels, and accelerated their retreat. Russell had his men in line-of-battle in two minutes after the attack.

THE COLORED TROOPS.

The 127th U. S. C. T. will leave Camp William Penn this morning, for Gen. Butler's department. They will make a street parade previous to their departure. Col. Given, of the regiment, was yesterday presented with a fine horse by the officers of his command. At the colored headquarters in Chestnut street, yesterday, a son of Gen. Bragg, of the Confederate army, was enlisted. He is of light complexion, and those in charge of the headquarters have abundant evidence that he is a descendant of Gen. Bragg. He may be considered evidence of miscegenation, as practiced among the chivalry.—*Philadelphia Press Sept. 28.*

THE ACTION NORTH OF THE JAMES.

IN FRONT OF RICHMOND, VA., Thursday Night, Sept. 29, 1864.

The veteran braves of the 10th and 18th Army Corps again closely besiege the Rebel capital.

By a forced march from their former position, portions of these corps arrived at Deep Bottom about daylight this morning, and immediately began to advance upon Richmond. Their skirmish line first encountered the enemy in a fortified position, about three miles from the end of our pontoon-bridge. Col. Samuel V. Duncan's Third Brigade of Gen. Paine's Colored Division of the Eighteenth Corps, being in the lead charged this line of the enemy's works without hesitation, but were repulsed with much loss; nineteen officers out of twenty-two being either killed or wounded. A charge was then made by the Second Brigade of the same Division, under Col. Draper, with entire success, the works being carried with considerable loss on both sides. The Second Brigade was assisted in this affair by the Fifth Regiment of Colored Troops, a part of the First Brigade, under Major Terry, who lost one hundred and forty-three men and five officers in the charge.

The next rebel works, about three miles further on, were found unoccupied.

About a mile from these was encountered the outer range of the fortifications of Richmond, running from Chapin's Bluff, opposite Fort Darling, around the city to the northward. About 2 o'clock the 2d Brigade of Gen. Foster's Division of the 10th Corps, and the 5th U. S. Colored Regiment, were sent forward to develop the strength of this line of works, and at the same time to draw the enemy to one point on our left. This having been accomplished, a grand advance was made by portions of the two corps, mostly by a flank movement from our right upon the enemy concentrated on our left; and the line was carried with the capture of sixteen guns and about a hundred prisoners. Among these was the rebel major in command of the post, who was wounded, and who acknowledged that they were taken completely by surprise.

Our line now extends from Chapin's Bluff to the White Oak Swamp, at a distance of from five to six miles from Richmond; and from the Bluff we command the enemy's lower pontoon bridge across the James.

Maj-Gen. Birney is in immediate command of this expedition, and most skilfully has he managed it so far.

The regiments most warmly engaged in the fighting to-day were the 117th N. Y., 9th Me., 81st N. Y., 7th and 8th Conn., 47th and 142d N. Y., and Gen. Paine's Colored Division. Of these the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 36th Regiments suffered heaviest. It is universally admitted that the colored troops and their officers acquitted themselves in the most admirable manner. Our entire loss is estimated at about 750. That of the enemy is probably considerably less on this occasion.

Summary.

Capt. Speke, the African traveller, has been accidentally killed.

Fountain Brown, a citizen of Washington, has been convicted of kidnapping negroes and selling them into slavery, and sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment at hard labor at Alton, Illinois.

A PERIPATETIC NEWSPAPER.—The *Memphis-Gren. da-Jackson-Atlanta-Griffin Appeal* is the present title of the old *Memphis Appeal*—a rabid secession sheet, whose editors have been outrageously persecuted by Grant and Sherman, and whose last resting place is the town of Griffin, fifty miles from Atlanta.

AN INVITATION NOT ACCEPTED.—One Barnes, a captured guerilla, was tried and convicted before the Court-Martial sitting in this city, of being a robber and a murderer, and sentenced to be hung, and whose sentence was afterwards commuted to ten years imprisonment in the States Prison, and finally exchanged by order of the President, sent in word the other day, that he should be happy to meet any member of the court which sentenced him, *outside the lines.*

SIGNIFICANT—BUT ALL RIGHT!—On Monday last a squad of rebel prisoners was marched through Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, on their way to their place of detention. Passing under the LINCOLN and JOHNSON flag, they greeted it with hisses and groans; but on reaching the McClellan and Pendleton banner they stopped and gave it three enthusiastic cheers. Our "Democratic" brethren ought to have provided for letting this portion of our "present adversaries" *vote* in November. Probably they would have done so where they had the power, if they had supposed we should have had so many of them in our hands. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Co. have sadly interfered with their calculations.—*Times.*

GEN. SCHENCK, discussing the Democratic platform, in a speech at Hamilton, Ohio, brought down the house by this apt illustration:

I know nothing at all that is like it, unless it may be the character of the fruit that is sold by an old lady who sits at the door of the court house in Cincinnati. She is a shrewd old woman. A young sprig of a lawyer stepped up one day and said to her: "You seem to have some fine apples. Are they sweet or sour?" The old lady tried to take the measure of her customer, and find out whether his taste was for sweet or sour apples. "Why, sir," said she, "they are rather acid; a sort of low tart, inclined to be very sweet."

DAN RICE says his "proclivities were formerly with the Whig party," but his long association with trick horses, vicious mules, rhinoceroses, and other demoralized *attaches* of the circus, have at last brought him into the Copperhead fold. Getting out of the ring with educated animals into a snake den is a bad "change of base" for any man in the show business, DANIEL.—*Crawford Journal.*

JOHN BROWN'S SON.—The Sandusky *Register* says: "John Brown, a son of the great Ossawatomie Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, lives on Put-in-Bay Island, where he is engaged in the grape culture. Being among the first of the patriots of the Island to discover the rebel conspiracy to release the rebel prisoners on Johnson's Island, he at once manned a boat, armed the crew to the teeth, and set sail by a roundabout way for Ottawa City—in order to avoid falling in with the pirates—to give information to the commander of the post of Johnson's Island of the seizure of the Philo Parsons. He arrived at Ottawa City about dark, and from there footed along the shore to Fox's Dock, arriving about daylight the next morning."

RUM RESTRICTION.—the following order of Gen. Grant has been promulgated:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CITY POINT, VA., Sept. 8, 1864.

Brig.-Gen. M. R. PATRICK, *Provost-Marshal-General, Armies operating against Richmond, City Point, Va.*

GENERAL: The attention of Lieut.-Gen. Grant having been called to the large quantities of liquor being brought within the lines of the armies operating against Richmond, he directs that from and after this date you prohibit all kinds of spirituous, vinous, or malt liquors from being brought above Fort Monroe, Va., except such as belong to the Commissary of Medical Departments.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant, T. S. BOWERS, Assist. Adjt.-Gen.

Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, is making some telling campaign speeches in Illinois. Here is a point of his on the slavery question:

"The friends of slavery contend it is a divine institution, and that a delegate to the Chicago Convention told him he believed it originated with God, who would protect it. 'Well,' said Long John, 'this suggested a new idea, and I said to him, then let us leave it to God. Fellow citizens, I go for that. Let us leave this institution of God to God. The Fugitive Slave law is repealed, and now if a nigger runs away, I am for letting him run till God brings him back.'"

"Do you think we shall whip them?" hesitatingly asked a lady in the Hartford cars, on Monday, of a bronzed and buoyant-hearted Rhode Island soldier, who was just returning to his Coventry home, from three years of glorious service on the guns of Battery C. "Do I think we shall whip them? Why I know we shall whip them. Every real soldier who is facing the rebels in any of our long lines knows we shall whip them, and regard as treason any other thought. I have found more doubt and despondency here in half a day than in the army during my whole term of service. Yes, madam, we shall whip them, and do it quick, too, if the North will only send its patriots to the front and not its hired skedaddlers and sneaks." The train neared the station, the returned volunteer left the cars, and the backward-glancing passengers could see that a sweet look on the platform received a welcome salute that never would have been tolerated from the lips of of a skedaddler or a sneak.

A LOADED BALE OF COTTON.—On Monday last, while a bale of cotton was being opened on the Suffolk Corporation, the men discovered a heavy iron shell, somewhat conical in form, imbedded in the centre of the bale. Appearances indicate that it is a regular percussion explosive shell, or else an infernal machine of some other character, placed in the bale purposely to do the work of death. It is about fifteen pounds in weight, and near, among the cotton, were found two iron bands weighing perhaps, fifteen pounds additional. Its discovery has caused a desire on the part of many to be informed as to the nature of its internal construction, but as we learned, no one has yet been found impelled by sufficent feelings of curiosity to enter into a very critical examination of it at present for fear of injury. At all events, the bale of cotton is quite an expensive one to the company, taking into account the sum of $1 50 per pound paid for the metal found in its centre.—*Lowell News.*

Patriotism, which manifests itself even in grief, never, perhaps, assumed a more curious form than in the annexed obituary verses, supposed to be addressed by the spirit of a little boy to his father. It is a subject for painter or sculptor:

Tell my father who is far away
Fighting the enemy in the field,
That I'll pray for him night and day.
'Tis his angel bids him never yield.

Tell him I am living with that God;
That I have joined the angel's heavenly band.
We have Wash'ngton sitting beside our Lord,
With the Star Spangled Banner grasped in his hand.

CHOOSING AN EPITAPH.—"Now, fellow citizens, I must close; but I would ask, in conclusion, when I die to have the slab over my grave thus inscribed: Here lies the body of an American who refused to aid in slaughtering eight millions of his fellow citizens in order to give freedom to four millions of black men."—*Gov. Weller at a McClellan meeting in Providence, Sept. 17th.*

Gov. Weller, and those who think with him that it is better for the rebellion to succeed than that any of the slaves should be set free, need have no anxiety about their epitaphs. Their position is very clearly understood while they are living, and they are not likely to have injustice done them in this respect when they are dead. Any intelligent stone-cutter who wished to express the truth literally would say: "Here lies the body of a traitor who refused to defend his country when it was in danger, and freely gave his counsel and sympathy to the enemy for the avowed purpose of keeping the oppressed in bondage."—*Mass. Spy.*

THE PUBLISHERS FOR LINCOLN.—The members of the book trade have usually been considered men of more than average intelligence, and more extensive information than the generality of the trading classes; and what the representatives from all parts of the country of this trade think of the different merits of the various Presidential candidates, was fully shown by a division, which took place during the sale of yesterday afternoon, on a vote for the next President. During a period of considerable confusion, from the conversation in all parts of the room, that impeded the progress of the sale, the auctioneer amid much laughter, proposed to take the vote of those present for the next President. About fifty persons were present, and on those in favor of the reelection of Abraham Lincoln being requested to stand up, forty-one did so—a result that was hailed with loud cheers. The vote for McClellan being asked for, seven gentlemen looking very sheepish rose to their feet, amid the ironical cheers and laughter of the majority; after which there were loud calls for Fremont, responded to by one gentleman rising to vote for the Pathfinder. The announcement of the figures—Lincoln, 41; McClellan 7; Fremont, 1;—elicited a storm of applause, which was increased by three hearty cheers for Sheridan, and then Sherman and Grant, followed by three more for Abraham Lincoln, after which the sale was resumed.—*Tribune.*

THE USE OF MR. PENDLETON.—A writer in the *Evening Post* says: "I was at Niagara Falls lately, and talked with many secessionists on the Canada side, among which were several of John Morgan's men and some of Moseby's guerillas. They talked very fiercely about our approaching Presidential election, and they all concurred in the belief that if McClellan is elected he will be governed strictly and literally by the Chicago platform. 'If he is not,' said one, and all the rest assented, 'he will be a dead man within thirty days after his inauguration; and Pendleton as President will bring around a peace which shall give us our independence or establish slavery in every State in the Union. In that event the North shall pay our war debt, and the d—d abolitionists shall be shot if they ever dare utter the treasonable doctrines of abolishing slavery.' I asked who would kill McClellan. 'Three hundred thousand men would quarrel for the *privilege* of doing it, *if only his life stood between us and success,*' was the prompt reply. I believe these men were perfectly sincere in their declarations, and if McClellan should be elected and attempt to put down the rebels, I would not give tenpence for his life."

THE REBELS CHEERING FOR MCCLELLAN.—A correspondent out of the Philidelphia *Press*, writing "In the field, near Petersburg," Sept. 8th, says: "The news of the Chicago nominations was received here on the 2d inst. The nomination of little Napoleon created no excitement or enthusiasm among the soldiers; he has some supporters among the officers of the New York regiments; they are very cautious, and say but little; probably they are ashamed. While the Chicago Convention was in session the rebels took great interest in the doings of said Convention. They continually annoyed our pickets to exchange papers. On the night of the 4th inst., they being satisfied that McClellan was nominated, at about 9 o'clock the rebels sprang suddenly upon their works almost along the entire line (the line is nearly twelves miles long) and *gave three cheers for McClellan.* Our men were perfectly thunderstruck. In a moment or two our true Union boys also sprang upon their works, and gave three cheers for Abraham Lincoln, and both sides kept it up for some time. While the cheering was going on, no firing of any kind was done; each side was too much engaged cheering their favorite. This affair has made thousands of votes for Mr. Lincoln. You will find but few McClellan men in the extreme front about Petersburg. Every word of the above is true, as thousands will bear testimony to it.

SKILFUL SURGEONS IN SHERMAN'S ARMY.—The surgery of this army is reaching an extraordinary scale, as weapons reach perfection. Men wounded in the head or neck are fed for weeks through silver or rubber tubes. The following is an instance, of the wonderful cures made by our surgeons. A man with throat cut from ear to ear was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons; but the one under whose immediate care the man was, thought, as he was to die, he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs meet the sternum, and through this orifice for forty days this man had been fed five gallons of milk per week, and sometimes his appetite required five per day. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he shall have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach by the same means, thus producing artificial digestion, until until it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him, and such is the progress made by the medical department in these parts, that half of a man's face demolished by a ball or piece of shell is replaced by a cork face, and it will be nothing strange to see men in after years, walking our streets with cork heads; and here the rebels have the advantage of us, for most of them were born with wooden heads.—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

GEN. MCCLELLAN AND THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—The only assault made that Winter upon our General-in-Chief's main position, was repulsed with prompt and decided energy. The circumstances were as follows: A portion of the Hutchinson family having been attracted to Washington by the novelty of finding the public halls of that city no longer barricaded against the utterance of humane and generous sentiments, had then solicited of the Secretary of War, permission to visit the camps across the Potomac in order to break the monotony and cheer the ruggedness of Winter with the spontaneous, unbought carol of some of their simple, heartfelt songs. Gen. Cameron gave their project not merely his cordial assent but his emphatic commendation; and thus endorsed, they received Gen. McClellan's generous permission. So they passed over to the camps, and were singing to delighted crowds of soldiers, when an officer's quick ear caught the drift of what sounded like *Abolition!* Forthwith there were commotion, effervescence, and indignation, rising from circle to circle of the military aristocracy until they reached the very highest, drawing thence the following order:

"*By direction of Maj.-Gen. McClellan, the permit given to the Hutchinson family to sing in the camps, and their pass to cross the Potomac, are revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops.*"—*Greeley's American Conflict.*

THE RAILWAY POST OFFICE CAR.—Time is one of the most important public necessities of this busy age, and to save a few hours, inventions of every description have been resorted to. One of the latest of these labor-saving, money-saving, and time-saving contrivances which has been brought out in this country is the Railway Post-Office Car. It has been in use in England for several years where its success has been eagerly watched. Having proved to be of great benefit, its introduction into this country was carefully considered, and, after several fruitless attempts, it has finally been adopted. The credit of its introduction here belongs to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Alexander N. Zevely, and to Mr. Thomas Clark, Superintendent of the Newspaper Department of the New York Post Office. Several improvements over the English system for transmitting the mails have been made by these gentlemen. The cars are running between this city and Washington. One car leaves Washington at 5:20 in the evening, and reaches Jersey City at 6 o'clock on the following morning. The car going to Washington leaves Jersey City at 7:30 in the evening, and arrives at 6 o'clock the next morning. Both cars meet at Philaselphia. When they arrive the clerks in charge of the New York car take the Washington car and return to this city in charge of the mail. The same routine movement is pursued by the Washington clerks. All the mails are assorted and prepared ready for delivery while the train is moving. When the car reaches New York, the letters are boxed up and ready for distribution to all parts of the country, thus saving four hours time on the city delivery alone, and in some of the country stations as much as thirty-six hours. Although the Southern mail will not close much if any earlier by this change, yet by taking letters to the car at the railroad depot, they can be dropped into the mail up to within five minutes of the train starting. By this arrangement letters can be sent South an hour later than heretofore. An extra car is stationed at New York in case of accident. The clerks on the New York car are as follows: Thomas H. Jenkins, City Department; Joseph Elliott, Carriers' Department; Edward Brennan, Erie Distributing Department; E. L. Champlin, East Distributing Department.—*Tribune.*

EFFECTS OF A SCARCITY OF THE "DEMOCRATIC FLUID."—"A Stait Rites Demikrat," in a communication to the Detroit *Tribune*, thus feelingly bewail the effect of the whiskey tax upon the fortunes of the Democratic party;

"The most outrageous exercise uv tyranny uv which this blud-stained adminystrashun has bin guilty, was the imperishun uv the tax on wiskey. Wat do the mass uv the demikratic voters care about the rit uv *compus mentis?* Ole Abe never suspended it over them. Wat if he did suspend it over Vallandigum—i say let that illustrius martur skin his own skunks. Wat if the administrashun has shot some demikratic deserters it caught fitin for Jeff Davis? They deserved shootin for volunteering in fite in this aburlishun war. Wat if it did suppress the New York *Worlds* an *Jurnal of Commerse?* The jurst uv these alwus keeps a mity sharp lookout fur its own interests an never wunt be suppresst more'n 24 ours at a time, if swallerin its own words will take off the tyrant's edick an the other sheet's a darned aristikratic consurn anyhow. But when the Administrashun tucked on that infyrnus tax on wisky, they trod rite on the corns uv the demikratic party. Talk uv military interfearance with the freedum uv slekshuns! What is that in comparison with the tax on wisky? Without a sootable supply uv wisky there is no such thing as freedum uv slekshuns. This tax on wisky was an insidious plan to reelect Ole Abe, and i grately feer its operashun will be most disastrus to our party. There is already a most deplorable destitooshun uv this demikratic fluid in mendy sekshuns uv the country. Wun uv my nabors who used to drink modderately—about 3 galluns a week—has bin compelled to cut himself down to as many quarts, and i saw him only yestirday talkin to a nigger as black as the ase of spaids, as if he took him for a hewman being. The consequences on those who used to drink considerable are still more dipplorable, and i shoodn't be surprised if

Miscellaneous Department.

THE PARSON'S COURTSHIP.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I know a tale of olden time,
And this, to fill an idle day,
I fashion into idle rhyme.
And all who care to read it may.

The autumn-leaves were all aflame,
And so, in autumn-time of life,
A parson's heart was tinged the same
With holy fire to wed a wife.

He girt the saddle on his mare,
To go the way his heart inclined,
But wore a sober look and air.
As one who had a troubled mind.

In riding past the graveyard gate
His eyes were overfilled with tears,
For there he saw the slab of slate
Where lay his wife of other years.

She used to say it wronged the dead
To wed again above a grave:
The words kept running in his head,
And much bewilderment they gave.

As through the ranks of golden rod
He wound his way up Prospect Hill,
He humbly asked Almighty God
To grant a token of His will.

The parson's vision cleansed by prayer,
His duty grew as clear as light;
And duty never looks so fair
As seen by prayer-illumined sight.

Already had he fixt his choice:
For every Sunday in the choir
He heard the Widow Churchill's voice
Until she grew his heart's desire.

A woman pure of soul was she,
By sorrow purified the more;
Whose wedded mate was lost at sea
Now nearly twenty years before.

The parson's passion, unconfessed,
Like smouldered heat within him burned,
Which never once the widow guessed,
Or haply it had been returned.

With hazel whip the mare was switched,
And cantered up the rocky road,
And underneath a tree was hitched
At Captain Churchill's old abode.

The dame was busy sifting flour,
Nor heard the comer till he said,
"Be praise to that Almighty Power
Who giveth man his daily bread!"

The widow, caught by such a guest
In just her linsey-woolsey gown,
Instead of in her Sunday best,
Dropped bashfully her eyelids down.

Then spake her suitor to her face,
"I have a solemn word to say,
Wherein is need of heavenly grace,
So, Widow Churchill, let us pray!"

Devoutly did the couple kneel—
The parson at the rocking-chair,
The widow at the spinning-wheel—
And this the burden of the prayer:

He mourned for uncommitted sin,
Implored a pardon for mankind,
And craved that grace would enter in
And sweetly move the widow's mind.

Then, rising from his prayerful knees,
"I yearn to take a wife," he said,
"And, loving thee—if God shall please,
Nor thou refuse, we twain will wed!"

The widow started with surprise
(For women old are women still),
But answered, lifting not her eyes,
"I seek to know the heavenly will."

The heavenly will was plain indeed,
And pointed to the flowery yoke,
For love is not a human need
Of young alone, but aged folk.

While yet the asters were in bloom
There came a throng from far and near,
To wish the joy of bride and groom,
And eat and drink the wedding-cheer.

That night, beside the bridal-bed,
Up spoke the bride in tender tone,
"I have a message from the dead,
And time has come to make it known.

"The years are twelve this very day,
Since she whose title now is mine,
The night before she passed away,
Bequeathed to me this written line:

"'To thee, O friend of all my life,
I vow, before my strength be spent,
That should he wed another wife,
If thou art she, I rest content.'"

He gazed upon the well-known hand,
Thought backward of the bygone years,
Thought forward of the heavenly land,
And answered not a word for tears.

A hallowed honeymoon they passed,
And younger grew in growing old,
Till sweetly fading out at last,
They left the tale that I have told.

—*Independent.*

FOOT NOTES.

In order for a man to be a great walker, it is necessary, I sometimes imagine, that he should be rather homely. Indeed I know that the great workers are a little uncomely; nature sacrifices some of her best lines that she may put a little more work into a man; she gives him a bony wrist, a great hand and a large foot. The people who tell me of the feats which they have performed on foot, are not generally handsome men; they are of the same sort as the hard workers. In my walks I see a great many fine-looking men, who are either riding or driving, or in one way and another keeping company with horses. These men have small hands and feet; nature consulted with beauty when she fashioned these cavaliers. I sometimes stop to observe one of these elegant figures, as he stands holding the reins of his horse; I notice how his arm tapers down to a plump strong wrist and small hand, and I wonder how it is that these easy moving men will always ride; they could add so much lustre to a foot path. But, then, I suppose they are too handsome to go afoot. Once in a while I see a genuine horseman on foot; he generally appears a little out of place, and looks as if he were in search of a horse to make up for some conscious deficiency in himself. I have observed the centaurs somewhat, and I have found that their hair is not always the finest, and that their flesh is not the most ethereal. In fact, I don't think the finest grained men are much given to horse fellowship. Still, these showy men, whose hearts go out in a perfect gush towards their horses, do much to enliven the roads, and I like to see them driving their proud animals in the dusty highways, while I tramp along the by-paths to avoid the smell of harness leather and to keep out of the

DIRT.

I once enlisted to serve in the great war against dirt. For two years I fought dirt and disorder; I not only struggled against my own dirt, but I struggled with the dirt made by other people. I followed it into corners, I drew it forth from holes, I seized upon it in open places, I burnt it, and I put it under bonds to keep the peace. During these two years I saw the universe under new aspects; I found new categories for men and things. All things are either dirt or not dirt. All people are naturally divided into the following classes: First, those who take care of their own dirt; second, those who do not take care of their own dirt; third and last, those who take care of other folks' dirt.

For my present purposes, dirt may be defined as disorganized, chaotic and offensive matter—material in a floating, intermediary state—matter which is out of place, and which is antagonistic to other things. Dirt when gathered together and held in subjection, ceases to be dirt; it then has a right to exist. It would take some talk to make my neighbor Hokum think of his compost heaps as filth. To him they are good honest matter undergoing some important chemical changes. He stands among his heaps and talks of his labors with all the dignity of a chemist in his laboratory. I respect him for he is a man governed by science rather than by sense. Bouquets at which beauty has snifled, glossy curls which have adorned the heads of fair women, skins of radiant fruits, scraps of love letters, bits of paper on which are printed poems, leaves that have fluttered on the trees all Summer, and in brief, every good when separated from its proper connections, becomes filth as soon as it falls upon my lawn. Half angered I seize upon the nuisance and bear it off to where it will not offend.

All the powers seem to be calling for more dirt, and they get it. The snakes slough their skins. Tidy people clip their hair and pare their nails. Wherever a man makes anything, or uses anything, there he leaves a heap of chips. The Roman of to-day, we are told, is walking in streets thirty feet higher than those in which Romulus first travelled. Rome has struggled to rise high enough to sit upon her own pile of dirt. I notice the universal tendency of things to go back towards dust. The tooth of frost, the claw of the lichen, the buff and rebuff of wind and rain and hail and snow, at once lay our fairest works under contribution to swell the great aggregate of dirt. [I have great trouble with my brass door-plate, it has such a constant liability to become dim with rust. The girl tells me it is getting much worn by her constant scourings.] Cheeks which glow, eyes that seem celestial, forms which walk in a halo of power and beauty must, unless some stay can be found, go to supply the insatiable demand for more dirt.

Passing through an intermediate stage of dirt, all matter seems to be in a perpetual flux, first appearing in one form, then in another. The earth is like the mosses in a peat swamp; decay at one end and growth at the other. But I notice that men don't like to give themselves up to this law of change. He who can longest resist change, and keep his work or name from decay and dust, is called greatest. Resistance to the tendency of everything to go to pieces, is one of the things which makes my life a perpetual fight.

I walk among simple people, and I see women bending over wash-tubs; I see them stooping over pails to wring their mops; indeed I am everywhere reminded of the great contest with dirt. This battle goes on daily, hourly, instantly and always. Every man and every woman is enlisted for the war; even the vagabonds are not exempted; in their shiftless fashion, they too are trying to keep a little cleaner. I am much impressed by the vast army of people who are exclusively engaged in this war; soap and brush makers; the manufacturers of brooms, and mops, and combs; barbers, scavengers, gutter-men, and sewer-makers, and washerwomen. Where the dirty Mohawks once lived, I see much land devoted to the raising of broom corn, and I conclude that the world is really getting forward slowly. I find many signs to make me believe that the war with dirt is progressing favorably. The Shakers appear to have nearly annihilated their dirt; I think, considering the notions they have respecting some very pure things, their cleanliness is somewhat remarkable. When I have walked in towns and seen the neatness of the best streets, I have wondered how it is that the millennium has not yet come. But when I go into the poor man's quarter of the city, I imagine that the clean spots of the earth are made by piling up the dirt more thickly in other places. I decided some time ago that the broom and mop won't make the millennium; however, I don't know that they will be out of place even there. I have sometimes looked in at the door of houses on back roads and seen the order of some rustic woman; the sight of her neatness has affected me like a promise of better things for the world.

I have seen people go into the battle against dirt with a grim earnestness that made their lives tragic. With such people uncleanliness is unrighteousness; and a dirty place is a hell. They are constantly troubled with dirt in the eye. To them the fields and woods are intolerable until scratched with a rake and swept with a broom. It is best to fight smilingly, and not be too earnest. Too much earnestness is inconvenient, when it puts one at loggerheads with the universe. Dirt is a stream—an incident in the metamorphoses of matter: we can't destroy it, but we can control it and get the good of it.

In order to maintain the practical value of my writing I will now give some specific directions for conducting a campaign against dirt. The struggle is at best merely defensive. Dirt attracts dirt; a single spot of it, if tolerated, utters a rallying cry to all manner of filth. The first atom of invading rubbish should therefore be seized upon at once by broom or rake and be carried off to the flames, or be held in check where it will find the most speedy decay and re-birth into new forms of beauty.

Lovers, I notice, are haters of dirt. People in love enter into the fight with new ardor—they put on clean clothes. More than one literary man has made this circumstance the occasion for a little pleasant thrusting at lovers. I have seen some very good people who never made themselves entirely free from some taint of dirt. I have heard them speak as if they were in love, yet I thought they were mistaken, for I did not see them striving for greater personal purity.

When I have walked much in towns, and mingled with men who are mostly concerned with matter, my friends have sniffed at me as if I were foul, and they would not be content until they had given me a moral scrubbing. I meet men who are faultless in respect to their linen; they are shaven and shorn by artists; nevertheless, they are oozy and dripping with a life that impresses me like dirt. Their words are like things fished up from the gutter, and their thoughts smell of putrefaction. Hot bath, cold bath, Turkish bath cannot cleanse them. Nothing but a soaping with the most alkaline criticism, and a moral rubbing, as with hempen towels, can reach their dirt.

Oneida Circular.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

[We take the following extracts from "Edmund Kirke's" new volume with the above title:]

THE MAN WHO "DON'T SURRENDER MUCH."

A little elevation at the right of the railway was the scene of one of the most heroic exploits of the war. There Col. Innis—warned by the old negro I have introduced to the reader—with a little band of three hundred and eighty-nine Michigan men, without artillery or other defense than a heavily thrown up barricade of camp-wagons and underbrush, beat off Wheeler's whole force of 3,000 horse and two field pieces.

"Col. Innis," said Gen. Rosecrans to him, on the eve of the battle of Stone River, "will you hold Lavergne?"

"I'll try, General."

"I ask you if you will *do* it?" exclaimed the laconic General.

"I will," quietly responded the Colonel, and he kept his word.

Just as the New Year's sun was sending its first greeting to the little band that crouched there behind the wagons, the head of the rebel column emerged from the woods which skirt the southern side of the town, and Capt. Firman riding forward to the flimsy breastwork, cried out:

"Gen. Wheeler demands an instant and unconditional surrender."

"Give Gen. Wheeler my compliments, and tell him we don't surrender much," came back to him from behind the brush-heaps.

Mounting then his Kentucky roan, the heroic Colonel rode slowly around the rude entrenchment. "Boys," he said, "they are three thousand—have you said your prayers?"

"We are ready Colonel. Let them come on!" answered the brave Michigan men.

And they did come on!

"Six times we swept down on them," said Capt. Firman, Wheeler's aid, to me, "and six times I rode up with a flag and summoned them to surrender; but each time Innis sent back the message, varied, now and then with an adjective, 'We don't surrender much.' He sat his horse during the first charges as if on dress parade; but at the third I saw him go down. I thought we had winged him, but when we charged again, there he sat, as cool as if the thermometer had been at zero. One of our men took deliberate aim, and again he went down; but when I rode up the fifth time and shouted—'We'll not summon you again—surrender at once!' it was Innis who yelled out, 'Pray don't, for we don't surrender much.' At the seventh charge I was wounded, and the General sent another officer with the summons. Your people halted him a few hundred yards from the breastwork, and an officer, in a cavalryman's overcoat, came out to meet him. ['They had killed my two horses,' said Col. Innis to me, afterward, 'and I was afraid they would singe my uniform—the fire was rather hot—so I covered it.']

"'What is your rank, sir?' demanded the Union officer."

"'Major, sir.'

"'Go back and tell Gen. Wheeler that he insults me by sending one of your rank to treat with one of mine. Tell him, too, I have not come here to surrender. I shall fire on the next flag.'

"It was Innis, and by that ruse he made us believe he had received reënforcements. Thinking it was so, Wheeler drew off, and the next day Innis sent word by a prisoner that he had whipped us with three hundred and eighty-nine men!"

A BATCH OF WESTERN GENERALS.

While the two Generals were in conversation, a spare, sallow-faced, dark-haired man, who had the air and manners of a gentleman, entered the room, and bowing to the officers about me, joined the two in the corner. "That is Crittenden," said the officer. "They are here for consultation. We must leave."

We all passed into Gen. Garfield's apartment, and every chair and stool in the room, and the low camp-cot in the corner were soon filled with "sitters"—and sitters who would grace any portrait gallery in the world.

The reader has heard of every one of them. The stout, full-faced, florid-complexioned man, leaning against the wall by the window, was the "old Russian" Turchin. The very tall, slim young man, with long, dark hair and flowing beard, just then canted back in his chair, with his long legs perched on the window-sill, was the chief of cavalry—Stanley. The handsome man next to him, with wavy, brown hair, and face so much like Lowell's, was St. Clair Morton, who might be a poet, and is a hero. The scarred warrior on his right, with long, white beard, thin, grey tufts on the side of his head, and spectacles on his nose, was Van Cleve; and leaning against the wall, at his back, the dark man, with keen, intense eyes, heavy black beard, and coarse, wiry hair, starting up into a sort of pyramid on the top of his head, was Jeff. C. Davis, who killed Nelson. The plain, farmer-like, plucky-looking man on my right, was Palmer—now commanding the 14th corps. The tall man next to him, in rusty uniform and big boots, with a full, clear eye and expressive face, was Negley; and in other parts of the room were Hazen, Lytle, Reynolds, Harker, King, McKibben and others, too numerous to mention.

Thrusting his pen behind his ear, Garfield wheeled about on his stool and opened the conversation. It soon turned upon the rebellion, which he compared to the conspiracy of Catiline. It had, he said, the same origin and objects, and was set afloat by a similar class of bankrupt scoundrels. A discussion followed, and in it Garfield—who at fifteen drove horses on a canal, and worked his way through college with a saw and jack-plane—displayed a classical knowledge that would have done credit to any Harvard professor. At its close a singularly quiet, unassuming man, in plain pants, loose blue sack, and every-day boots, entered the room and took a seat on the window-sill by the side of Stanley. He was below the medium height, slightly built, with closely cut hair and beard, and a dark, sun-browned face. There was nothing about him to attract attention, except his eye, but that seemed a ball of black flame. "How are you, Phil?" "Good morning, Sheridan," greeted him from various parts of the room, and Garfield, turning to me, said: "Mr. ——, this is Gen. Sheridan.

It was the youngest corps commander in the army—the man who, when McCook was routed, stood so like a wall at Stone River; who led the desperate assault on Mission Ridge, and has recently made the brilliant cavalry campaign in Virginia.

THE SLAVE BENEATH THE FLAG.

To the Hon. HENRY WILSON, *U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, to whose distinguished ability, integrity, and firmness for the right, in this and many other instances, humanity and the future are so much indebted, these lines are, by his especial permission, most respectfully dedicated.*

I.

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for Liberty!
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia's shore;
For he who fights for freedom's rights
Is free forevermore.

II.

No slave beneath those glorious folds
That o'er our fathers flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
Knelt 'neath its shadow then;
And they who now beneath it bow
Forevermore are men!

III.

Go tell the ashes of the braves
Who at Port Hudson fell;
Go tell the dust whose holy trust
Stern Wagner guards so well;
Go breathe it softly—slowly—
Where'er the patriot slave
For right has fled, and tell the dead
He fills a *freeman's grave.*

IV.

Go tell Kentucky's bondmen true
That he who fights is free!
And let the tale fill every gale
That floats o'er Tennessee!
Let all our mighty rivers
The story Southward pour,
And every wave tell every slave
To be a slave no more!

V.

Go tell the brave of every land
Where'er that flag has flown—
The Tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
Its stripes are Slavery's scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain,
Nor dim its golden stars!

VI.

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly!
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
And when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

New Britain, Ct., May, 1864.

"The Conference Committee [of the Senate and House of Representatives] inserted one very important amendment in the subscription bill, when it was before them. Senator Wilson announced to them his firm resolution that no slave should serve the government for one moment *as a slave*, and it was provided that the drafted or enlisted slave shall be free the instant he enters the service."—*Independent's Wash. Cor., Feb. 25, 1864.*

See, also, sec. 26 of the Conscript Act, in the N. Y. *Tribune*, Daily of Feb. 15, and Weekly of Feb. 20.
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MR. CONWAY'S "TESTIMONIES."*

Mr. Conway is the author of "The Rejected Stone," which we reviewed in the *Inquirer* of September 20, 1862. Since his arrival in England he has been conspicuous as an Abolitionist. On one occasion—in his correspondence with the Southern envoy, Mr. Mason—he allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion. The work before us gives ample proof of his sincerity and earnestness, and is peculiarly interesting from the close connection with slavery in which he has been placed.

Mr. Conway informs us that his father was the owner of about fifty or sixty slaves at Falmouth, a village near Fredericksburg, in Virginia. He was kind to his slaves, and chafed at those laws which prevented him from giving redress, as a magistrate, in cases of extreme cruelty which came before him. Our author records many of the shocking results of slavery, which pained him in his youth, but did not awake him to the wrong of the system. He went to college in Pennsylvania, but after his return he came under the influence of a Secessionist relative, who engaged him to write for his journal. He now saw a phase of slavery which he had not noticed under his father's roof, and its licentiousness, cruelty, and suffering utterly disgusted him. He thought that a remedy might be found in the establishment of free schools, but was shocked to find that Mr. Mason and other leading Virginians denounced "the education of the white masses, and declared that such education would be surely followed by the introduction into the South of the entire swarm of Northern 'isms.'" Hoping to do something to elevate the poor, Mr. Conway gave up the profession of the law, and became a Methodist preacher. While thus engaged he was much interested in a Quaker settlement in Maryland, and one of their ministers asked him to account for the evident superiority of their farms:

"Perhaps," I replied vaguely, "this is a better tract of land than others." "That is not the case; I can remember when there were many much better sections all around us." "Well," I again ventured, "doubtless your friends have certain habits of thrift and industry which others have not." "Perhaps it is so," said the old man gravely; after which followed a long silence, which I felt belonged to him, and was for him to break. Then he turned his eyes—at once luminous and keen—full upon me and said: "But there is *one* habit of our people to which thee will find, should thee search into it, is to be traced all the improved condition of our lands, and of our homes; that is, *the habit of taking care that our labourers get just wages for their work. No slave has touched any sod in any field of Sandy Spring.*" These were the first words I had ever heard uttered against slavery in itself. They were spoken to one who still held to the doctrine that the negro was not the brother of the Caucasian, and who was, but a few weeks ago, the secretary of a Secession Club.... I was not exactly offended at what the Quaker said, but was exceedingly disquieted, and having let the subject drop, soon departed.—P. 38.

After he had left this circuit he called to see two orphan sisters whose family he had known there:

But I found that on the death of their father, these girls, whom he had left in comfortable circumstances, had at once liberated all their slaves, and having sold the farm in order to give the poor creatures a start in the world, went themselves, delicate as they were, to earn their own livelihood in Philadelphia with (I believe) their needles. I have never seen them since; but I think it was when I turned away from that door with this narrative in my heart that I resolved to enlist openly against slavery.—P. 40.

Some changes in his religious views, added to his new anti-slavery convictions, led him to give up his ministry among the Methodists. He then visited his father, with the understanding, however, that he should not tamper with his negroes.

It is barely possible that my new views showed themselves unconsciously in my manner; but, however that may be, I found the negroes at Falmouth, including some of my father's, anxious to have secret interviews with me as to their condition. Of course, I kept my promise to my father; but I expressed my astonishment to them that, in all the years I had known them, I had before seen no sign of this yearning for freedom; to which they replied, that it was because in all those years they had seen no sign of the Abolitionist about me. From that moment I felt that the social system of the South was undermined. If such feelings were lurking in the breasts of negroes in one of the obscurest portions of Virginia, where a Northern man had never been seen, and among those, too, who were the most kindly treated, to such an extent as to enable them to divine the slightest and most carefully concealed disposition in their favor, I knew there must be a far wider discontent among them in other regions.—Pp. 41, 42.

Mr. Conway entered our Divinity College, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and while there, Anthony Burns, the fugitive, was sent back into slavery. Burns was a native of Falmouth, and he and his master were known to our author, who made no secret of his feelings:

I need not attempt to repeat the execrations which returned to me from Virginia when it was reported that I had become an Abolitionist, or the expressions of terror and grief from my relations, many of whom declared that they had rather have heard of my death. There was, however, a sweet compensation in the fact that I then first discovered that my mother had in her heart cherished for many years a fervent hatred of slavery. Every Southern woman has, God knows, enough reason to hate it; and my conviction is, that many of those very women at the South who are so violent against the Northern soldiers, are yet secretly praying that in the storm of battle that monster which feeds upon the purity of sons and husbands may be pierced by some fatal arrow.—P. 44.

On his return home, he was told by his old companions that he was spared tar and feathers only for the sake of his family, and on condition that he should leave the State forever. He was soon after invited to the Unitarian Church at Washington:

No sooner had I begun to call the attention of my congregation—the most liberal in Washington—to the wrongs of the negro, than, one after another, I found my warmest friends abandoning me and my church; and when, at last, I went from the bedside of Sumner—brought to the verge of death by the tomahawk of slavery—to denounce the barbarity of the system which would stop at no outrage, the congregation were paralysed with terror, the choir refused to sing the closing hymn, and I was permitted to meet my congregation but once more, after urgent solicitation, and that only to bid them farewell.—Pp. 46, 47.

Who would then have predicted that, within ten years, that church would become a hospital for those who were wounded by slaveholders, and that its Abolitionist minister, Mr. Channing, would be a chaplain of Congress!

We fear to spoil, by brief quotations, the interest of the 13th chapter, in which Mr. Conway records the deliverance of his father's slaves by the war. He went to Washington from Cincinnati, where he was then settled, to see how he could serve them; and after many difficulties he got them safely through Baltimore:

It was about eight in the evening when we started, and we were to travel all night. I observed that the negroes would neither talk nor sleep. They had put their children to sleep, but they were themselves holding a silent watch. They were yet in a slave State, and every railroad-station at which the train paused was a possible danger to them. At last when the name of a certain wooding-up station was called out, I observed that every eye danced, every tongue was loosened: and after some singing they all dropped off to sleep. It was not until next day that I learned that the station which had wrought such a transformation upon them was the dividing line between the slave and the free States....

The negroes were taken out to Yellow Springs, Ohio, where a house was prepared for their reception. At first some Irishmen threatened them, but the interest of the community was so enlisted on their behalf that the Celtic population found it best to be quiet. Their labor was in immediate demand. They all found lucrative employment; and they have worked well enough to disprove the Southern slander—that their class will not work except under the lash. To this day I have heard no complaint of the idleness or misbehaviour of any of them. Some of them even offered to repay me what I had given for their transportation to the North-West, though they had so long labored for my kindred and myself without remuneration. Their homes are now happy, their children are learning to read, their future is bright.—Pp. 111-114.

The narratives are perhaps the portions of the book which will be most generally interesting; but the other chapters deserve careful attention, from the opportunities of observation which the writer has enjoyed. He successfully vindicates the negro against the charges of Dr. Hunt; and he shows that he has not lost his pity for the "poor whites," of whom he gives a dismal picture. He thinks that their condition will be eventually improved by the war.

Mr. Conway concludes with "An Address to the English People," in which he combats the arguments that have been used for the South. He says:

As to the motives of the North in prosecuting the war, they are of no importance, when it is remembered that the North, on going South, can only carry what institutions it has, and that these are free institutions. To suppose that the armies of the Union have, as their sole object, the emancipation of slaves, is to suppose a country behind them too far advanced ever to have had a war about slavery. If civilization should abandon all that selfishness has achieved—is achieving—the strongest institutions would crumble. The only important question is, Are their victories necessarily victories for freedom? Does the slave pray for a sight of their banner? It almost seems to me that only the wilfully blind can fail to see Liberty and Justice hovering over the army of the Union, so palpable are their signs. If ever a nation gave out evidences of a national regeneration, faithfully going on, it would seem that the American Union has done so within the last few years. —P. 133.

Testimonies Concerning Slavery. By M. D. Conway, a native of Virginia. London: Chapman and Hall. 1864.

IMPORTS *versus* HOME MANUFACTURES.

70 Warren Avenue, Sept. 26, 1864.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Some articles have lately been published in the New York *Evening Post*, purporting to give an account of the manufacture in this country of kid gloves, and so many copies of these papers, and cuttings from them, have been sent to me from unknown sources that I am forced to suppose it is desired that I should bring the statements contained in them to the notice of the Boston public. I do not know from how reliable a source they proceed, and although Mr. Bryant may, the following statement made me incline to indorse them very cautiously.

"The thread gloves made in Boston are fully equal to those of German or English manufacture, and are likely to drive them from the market."

There may be in the vicinity of the city, factories, which are beginning to make thread gloves, but no samples have been sent to our Economic League; no cards have been offered, and our largest dealers in gloves deny the existence of any such manufacture for ladies use. As to their driving foreign gloves from the market, we wish we could see any prospect of it; but the men's gloves which we have seen are lamentably deficient in fit and finish.

The next paragraph to which my attention was specially directed reads as follows:

"A very good article of genuine kid, as well as of Cape sheep gloves, *both for ladies and gentlemen*, is now made in Gloversville, in Philadelphia, in Watertown, Massachusetts, and possibly elsewhere, etc."

Very possibly *elsewhere!* Upon reading the above, we went at once to Bedford street, but no specimens of any kind of glove have as yet been sent to our League, and only one card—"G. C. Judson & Co., No. 50 Congress street, Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Buck, Kid, and Flesher Gloves, Mittens and Gauntlets." We followed up the card. "Ladies' gloves, ma'am? nothing of the kind." "Will you let me see what you manufacture for men?" and forthwith I was shown an endless variety of mittens and gloves, of buckskin and "flesher," which last, "being translated," is washleather. "But you make kid gloves?" I said, relying on my card. "Yes, ma'am—at least, no ma'am, these are what we call kid. They are Cape sheep!" Now these gloves and mittens answer doubtless the purpose for which they were intended, but that is not dress gloves for ladies and gentlemen. We recommend teamsters, miners, coach drivers and so forth, to go to No. 50 Congress street. Before we left the agent, we asked him if he knew of any manufactory for women's kid gloves in this State, or if he had ever seen any offered for sale. He replied unhesitatingly, "no," and if there is one at Watertown, he is hardly the sharp Yankee we suppose. Wherever such gloves are made, we trust our words will follow, and samples be immediately sent to the Leagues.

Our manufacturers, in every kind, have an opportunity to control the market, which they never could have had in any other way. The rise in the price of articles of home manufacture which we predicted five months ago has already taken place, and fall calicoes are offered from 42 to 70 cts. a yard. Fifteen cents this beyond the historic price during the last war. Let us have a corresponding improvement in quality and styles. Among the calicoes at our room, those of the Dover Mills are by far the prettiest in style, but the cotton upon which the pattern is rendered is coarse and sheer; the colors, too, hardly look as if they would stand. Into many of the mousselines a stiff dressing is put, which makes them harsh to the touch, and stiff in the skirt. These things should be promptly remedied. Some very beautiful ribbons made in New Jersey, at a much lower price than the imported, may be seen there, but they are of very few colors. A much greater variety in color is required to satisfy a very moderate demand. Roman scarfs are to be found everywhere; but one word in the ear of the manufacturer, if he intends to hold the market. The real Roman scarf is sought for two reasons. First, for its traditional charm—because it offers us the blended colors, which for hundreds of years have floated like the Scotch tartans, unchanged, about a certain peasant dress. The patterns vary for different States, and for the islands near Southern Italy. They may be ugly, but, like Indian cashmeres, they please us by what they suggest. Second, because made of a sort of boiled silk, the real article washes like a piece of white cotton. Now, if the American manufacturer wishes to secure his own interest, let him sell as Roman only those scarfs which are faithful copies of a foreign article, and which are of fast colors. All other patterns and qualities should sell as fancy scarfs; if not, the disappointment they will occasion will make them unpopular.

Very truly, yours, CAROLINE H. DALL.

Mr. Peabody's Gift.—The first of the buildings, which has been erected by the trustees to whom the disposal of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift to the city of London was referred will be ready for occupation in the course of the present month. The building, which has cost £22,000, is situate at Bethnal Green. The number of applications for rooms far exceeded those to be disposed of, and some difficulty has been experienced in making a selection of the occupants. There is every expectation that the speculation will be most successful, as the building has been formed with the view of affording the utmost accommodation to the occupants. Rooms have been constructed of the dimensions of 12ft. by 15ft. 6in., a sufficient size for a small family. There are rooms of a smaller size, and some for single men. There are also shops on the basement floor with suites of rooms adjoining, and which, it is believed, can be let at a rental of about £60 a year. The domestic comforts of the inmates have been carefully studied. There are separate lavatories for the men and for the women and children, a plentiful supply of water, and excellent ventilation. The remark is made, however, that the rent which will be charged for the rooms (which will be from 2*s.* to 3*s.* and 5*s.* a week) will be above the means of the poor for whom Mr. Peabody mainly intended his gift.

Enjoyment.—We enjoy most in putting forth our whole nature, in being fully alive to all scenes and relations, especially in preserving our noblest faculties in healthy and efficient activity.—*Channing.*

AMONG THE GRAVES.

BY ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

Among forgotten graves
I too have wandered oft at midnight hour,
But not where o'er white stones the willow waves,
Or incense floats from nightly breathing flower;
But o'er the lonely graves in mine own heart,
Where love and friendship hath been buried long,
Where names are traced by sorrow's sculpture art
That never yet were breathed in jest or song;
'Tis here, forgotten by the careless throng,
I muse among the graves.

Here lies my buried hope,
With girlhood faith torn from its fragile stem,
Alas! no Resurrection day shall ope
The earthly gates of light and life to them.
Are those grim ghosts, in winding sheet and shroud,
Which haunt at midnight hour those silent aisles,
One half so lonely as the spirit proud
That like a spectre passes through the crowd,
And while its pale, sad face is wreathed with smiles,
Is thinking of the graves?

There is no weary heart,
It matters not how reckless it hath been,
But 'mid its desert life hath left apart
Some little spot which tears keep fresh and green,—
The memory of some little golden head
Laid on that heart to still its passions strong,
Some early love, whose tender sweetness shed
A charm that lives through sorrow, sin and wrong,
And mid the loudest laugh, the wildest song,
Reminds us of the dead.

AN EXAMPLE FOR LANDLORDS.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED SOME EXCELLENT ADVICE TO HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Early to his wife, as he came in one cold blustering afternoon in last December, and drew near the ruddy coal fire; "well, Mary, not such a bad day in the way of business after all." And he threw off his snow-sprinkled overcoat, laying it down on the snug-looking lounge his wife had drawn before the fire for his own accommodation, while the snowy particles fell in a shower over the warm cushion.

"How, John?" replied his wife, as she looked up with a cheery smile.

"This is rent-day, you know, and collecting rent is not always a prosperous business. It's like pulling a tooth to get money from some people. Now, there's old Ruggles, he gives the money as grudgingly as though he was not able to pay three times the amount, which I know he is. And Joe Winch, I suppose he *did* have a hard time to raise it, but he made quite as hard a job of paying it."

"O never mind, husband, I hope you weren't hard on him; work is dull, you know, and money difficult to get."

"I acknowledge the truth of the concluding portion of your remark; money is difficult to get, even when it is honestly due; and so I found it to-day. But I succeeded tolerably after all. Even the widow Webb paid to the last cent and that was more than I hoped for."

"Oh, John!" said his wife, in a deprecatory tone.

Mr. Early seemed to wince a little under the implied reproof, and so said, apparently in self-justification.

"Why, Mary, you know business is business, and why shouldn't she pay her rent as well as anybody else?"

Now, Mr. Early was not, by any means, naturally a hard-hearted man. Yet fortune had placed him in the position of landlord; and between tenants that couldn't pay, and tenants that wouldn't pay, he had finally been drilled into an outward seeming of hardness. Whenever he anticipated uncommon difficulty in the discharge of his duties, he repeated to himself the old maxim that "business is business," and thus steeled himself to his task.

Yet his wife knew that within this tough shell, there was a soft kernel of a heart, for she had more than once found it; and so, after a short time of silence and reflection on her part, she resolved to try if she could not reach it again.

"John," said she, "how much was her rent?"

"Poh! nothing! don't trouble yourself about that. Why it wasn't as much as that last silk of yours cost, and you know you teased me into buying that, saying the sum was such a trifle."

"Well, how much was it?" persisted Mrs. Early.

"If you must know, the quarter's rent amounted to fifteen dollars; and she paid it, too, without a word of grumbling."

"It is a small sum to you and to me, I know; but do you not think she must have struggled hard to raise it?"

"Business is business, you know, and it is not in my way to think *how* the money is raised, so that it is raised."

"Oh, John!" again repeated his wife. There was a kind of magic in these words. They possessed a power over him which she was aware of, and he felt.

"Well, never mind, Mary, don't trouble yourself about it. It's all over now, and can't be helped. Only, if you say so, I won't be quite so hard next time."

"I *do* say so, John," said she, rising with a woman-like instinct, and seating herself beside him, feeling that if she wished to gain her point (and she had, in the few moments of reflection, resolved upon one), she must make use of a wife's best arguments.

"There," said she, as she wound her fingers caressingly in his hair. "I know you didn't mean to be exacting, but you were so, after all. I heard only a day or two ago, that Mrs. Webb and her daughter had had a hard time to get along this Fall. Their only dependence for support is their needle, and you know that is a very slender one. Now they have both overworked themselves to raise this very money that you have received to-day, and Kate has been sick, and fears are entertained that she will go into a decline."

"So bad as that! I did not know it."

"I know you didn't. For I am sure you have too good a heart to drive a poor girl into her grave, and leave a widowed mother friendless and alone in the world, just for the sake of a few dollars, which you would never miss, if you did not have. Now do you not think you ought to make amends in some way for your thoughtless act of cruelty?"

"Why, yes, if I only knew how. If you choose, you can take the money back again, and tell them I wouldn't have been in such a hurry about the rent, if I had known just how the case stood."

"Well, give it to me. My! how full your pocket-book is!" she exclaimed, in affected wonder, as he unrolled the ponderous *portefeuille*, stuffed and crammed with notes and silver. "Thank you. But so long as you have your money out, you may as well give me a little more at once; it will save me the trouble of asking you again. There, don't scowl so. It's only a trifle I want. Not so much as those furs will cost that you are going to buy me for a Christmas present."

"Furs! Whew! I hadn't heard of them before!"

"Oh, I know you haven't, she replied, coaxingly, "but you will between now and Christmas—unless you give me what money I want now. Let me see; the furs you are going to buy me will cost seventy-five dollars; but I'll let you off until next Winter if you will give me—Oh! don't stare so—thirty-five dollars now."

"Thirty-five dollars! what in——"

"Never mind the exclamations now," said she, with a roguish smile, laying her hand (and a pretty one it was, too) over his mouth. "Count out the money first, and I'll give you leave to express your astonishment afterwards."

"Tell me first what you want it for," said Mr. Early, as soon as his speech was restored to him, taking advantage of a husband's prerogative, a right established by precedent, at least, of questioning in such matters.

"Tell you what I want it for? Oh! of course I will. I am going to invest it for you. It will bring you in a hundred per cent., and more too, just as long as Mrs. Webb is a tenant of yours."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see—there's two tens there in that roll, and plenty of fives"—holding out the same pretty hand that had so unceremoniously dammed up the river of speech flowing from her husband's mouth, but a moment before;—"only thirty-five dollars, you know, which, with the fifteen I've got, will make fifty in all; and I am going to provide Mrs. Webb and Catharine the means of paying their rent easily every quarter as soon as it is due. To be serious—I have told you that they depend on sewing for a living, and now that sewing machines have thrown seamstresses almost entirely out of business, it is very hard for two poor women, with delicate health, to scrape together sixty dollars every year to pay their rent with, and provide themselves with the necessities of life besides. So I am going to buy them such an article as *that*," said she, pointing to a splendid sewing machine that made a conspicuous article of room-furniture, "which some kind friend—not you, of course—was it really you, though? I never suspected anything half so sensible of you—sent me last New Year, and a more acceptable present I never received; and *somebody* never did and never will make a better investment of his money than that—unless he thinks fit to give me the thirty-five dollars I want now. Don't you see, how with that in the house, I have already saved you more than it has cost, by doing my own sewing, and have still found plenty of time to fold my hands besides? And with such a machine, Mrs. Webb and Kate could soon make themselves comparatively independent."

"Well, well, Mary, when a man is defeated by his own wife, he doesn't exactly like, for his dignity's sake, to acknowledge it. It's equivalent to letting her wear the—you know what."

"Oh! never mind your dignity. I was never particularly impressed by it; and as for wearing the